

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 769, Vol. 30.

July 23, 1870.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE NEUTRAL POWERS.

THE main question of the day to most Englishmen is whether England will be dragged into the war. Are we too to be made to fight entirely against our will because war suits the purposes or gratifies the passions of one or more Continental nations? That England will do her utmost to keep out of the war is perfectly certain, but it is not always possible to keep out of a war which may touch our honour or affect our interests in a great variety of ways. But so far as present appearances may be trusted there seems a very fair probability that we shall be able to maintain our neutrality. In either of two contingencies we might have to fight. The neutrality of Belgium and Holland might be seriously menaced, or Powers now neutral may join in the war, and to protect ourselves we may have to join in it too. What then is the attitude of the neutral Powers at the outset of the war? Belgium and Holland have most wisely taken measures to make their neutrality respected, and as both combatants have given the most positive assurances that they will respect that neutrality, we may put aside for the moment the contemplation of a danger which is indisputably the greatest of all dangers to England. The other neutral Powers whose attitude excites the keenest interest are Russia, which stands by itself, and then the minor nations, including Austria and Italy, which have territories contiguous to France and Germany. Whether these two classes of neutrals will take part in the war must greatly depend on the warmth of the appeals made to them by one or other of the combatants to give their aid. And it certainly would seem that neither France nor Germany can, for the present at least, wish for allies. Reverses might produce a change of feeling, but now each Power thinks itself the equal of the other, and the whole aim and object of the war would be missed if each party did not come to the strife single-handed. The one wish of France is to show that she can bully and dictate to Germany. It would deprive her of all the satisfaction of proving that her pretensions are well founded, if she got minor Powers, like Italy, or Denmark, or Spain, to help her. The Germans would always be able to say that they were beaten, not by France, but by France and her allies, and what is called at Paris the arrogance of Berlin would manifest itself in attempting to detach from France the allies by whose aid the French had been successful. In the same way, the Germans pretend that they have the right to live together as one people, and that they are strong enough to maintain this right. To call in the protection or aid of Russia or Austria would be to confess that Germany must depend for her existence and independence, as of old, on strangers and on bigger Powers than herself. For Germans to beat back the French only by getting Russians to help them would entirely deprive the war of the character of being a rising of the German people for their defence, and they could never feel easy after the war was over, or be sure that their national existence could continue, if Russia could be separated from them by the intrigues or bribes of France.

Russia stands alone among the neutral Powers in this sense, that she is the only Power the intervention of which in the war would cause real and immediate alarm to England. What inspired Englishmen with so much apprehension when the news came that France at all hazards was determined to force on a war, was partly the fear that Belgium would be invaded, and partly the fear that Russia might take advantage of a favourable occasion, and seize on Constantinople. Of course something of the sort may still happen. It is very early yet to speculate on what the war will lead to, but at present there are many reasons to think that Russia will prefer the honourable and just policy of neutrality. In spite of the rude disappointment to the hopes of peace and progress which this sudden outburst of war in the midst of profound peace

necessarily causes, it may still be assumed that the rulers of any country will hesitate to inflict on their subjects the dreadful miseries of war. It is not right to take for granted that Russia would enter on a great struggle merely from motives of ambition. But even if principle is to go for nothing in calculating on the actions of men, Russia has very powerful inducements to keep the peace. She is making rapid strides in national improvements. She is covering her vast territory with main lines of railway. She is in a position to get a great accession of wealth by shipping her produce as a neutral at a time when corn will necessarily be dear. The internal peace and prosperity of Russia have slowly but steadily recovered themselves since the close of the Crimean war, and a Government, however unprincipled it may be, would be reluctant to nip the promise of future well-being in the bud. The emancipation of the serfs has produced social difficulties and financial difficulties which are far, as yet, from having been surmounted, and which might easily, if aggravated by war, lead to grave disasters. Nothing has tended more to enable the Russian Government to meet these difficulties than the ease with which she has procured foreign capital to help her in public works, and to permit her to apply her own resources in lending money to those on whom the emancipation of the serfs pressed hardly, or who were anxious to enjoy its benefits. Russia will not be in a hurry to dry up this golden stream, as she would do in an instant if she launched out into a vast war of mere ambition. Besides, after all, the best test of what she is likely to do is to look at what she has just done and is doing now. Mr. GLADSTONE has stated that Russia did her best to avert the war. It may be said that this shows nothing as to what she will do now that war has broken out. Perhaps not; but it may at least be taken as an indication that Russia was not, like France, looking out to see how war could be made to begin. Now that war has begun, Russia is said to be preserving her attitude of neutrality, as we are, but, as it is hinted, she gives it to be understood that her sympathies are somewhat on the side of Prussia. This may be nothing more than a mode of expressing regret that France chose to plunge Europe into confusion; or it may proceed on a calculation that it would suit Russia that France should have in Germany a neighbour that was an equal, so that France and Russia should not be always brought face to face. But, at any rate, Russia neutral, but with an inclination to be friendly to Prussia, is the best guarantee for the general peace we could have, and we can only hope the attitude may be maintained. If Austria and Italy have any leanings toward France, their disposition to pass from good feeling to actual aid will be better checked than it could be in any other way if they know that, if they interfere on one side, Russia will interfere on the other.

It might seem natural at first to suppose that Denmark, at least, among the neutral Powers would long to rush into the fray, and, with so powerful an ally as France, would try to avenge her wrongs on Prussia, and snatch her conquered provinces from the grasp of the spoiler. But the Danes show no signs of wishing to do anything so rash. Mr. GLADSTONE has expressly declared that he has not the slightest reason to believe in the existence of a secret treaty between France and Denmark; and obviously the English Government, which must have much weight at Copenhagen, will do its utmost to keep Denmark neutral. Experience proves that a distant Power cannot permanently protect a little nation against very near neighbours. The history of the Polish alliance with France may well deter Denmark from running the risk of utter destruction in order to have the chance of regaining a province. The Duchies are now part of Germany. They are, if not wholly German, yet treated as German by the Germans, and Denmark could never again hold them unless France was perpetually ready to fight for her, and was always successful. The gain of getting hold of the Duchies under such conditions could not repay

the terrible sacrifices which war would now impose on Denmark. Spain has acquiesced in a very modest way in the interference of France in her affairs, and it has not even been thought worth while to ask her for an assurance that she will not again intrigue against her great neighbour. Having made Spain neutral, France will neither ask nor expect her to be an ally. It seems scarcely necessary to notice Switzerland, whose neutrality is part of her permanent policy, were it not that some of her worst friends have suggested that she should insist on an obsolete claim to occupy part of Savoy in time of war. The leaders of the Federal Council are, however, men of prudence and judgment, and will, it is to be hoped, throw cold water on any project of asking for what would be of no use whatever to Switzerland, while the demand must provoke the anger of France. There remain Austria and Italy. The German subjects of the Emperor of Austria would certainly not like to see their forces employed against the Fatherland; and although the Bohemians, and Poles, and Hungarians might be glad to witness the humiliation of Germany, or even to aid in the undertaking, if they were permitted to do so, they, or rather those who guide them and speak for them, will be perfectly aware that Austria at such a crisis as this will have quite enough to do in guarding and maintaining the neutrality of the Danube. Grateful Italy, oblivious of what she owes to Prussia, is said to be absorbed in thinking how much service she owes to France. Italian gratitude, probably, like other gratitude, is a sense of favours to come; and France, by evacuating Rome, can give the Italians something which Prussia cannot give. Unless, however, France really wants in Germany the troops she has now in Rome, it is difficult to see why the Roman policy of France should be changed all at once to please Italy; and if paper statements are in the least true, the EMPEROR has some three-quarters of a million soldiers to kill off in Germany besides those he lends the POPE. That Italy is ready to promise all kinds of friendly acts is very likely, for she has a bargain to make that she wishes to carry through; but it is not what Italy offers, but what France accepts, that signifies to Europe; and it certainly seems very unlikely that the EMPEROR would begin a campaign by confessing that France must have the few soldiers locked up in Rome, by depriving the French people of the delight of thinking that in Italy at least France has got a hold which is annoying to a neighbouring country, and by cooling the ardour with which the French clergy are now urging the prosecution of the war.

FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.

ALTHOUGH the preparations of France can scarcely have escaped the notice of the Prussian Government, the sudden adoption of a pretext for war took Germany by surprise. As M. THIERS said, the occasion was ill-chosen; and the criticism proceeds from the politician and writer who of all living Frenchmen is perhaps, with the exception of the Emperor NAPOLEON himself, the most deeply responsible for the prevailing popular delusion. M. THIERS has during his political career consistently maintained the proposition that it was the right and the interest of France to prevent, by diplomacy or if necessary by force, the consolidation abroad of the national unity which constitutes her own greatness and pride. A professed friend of liberty, he opposed the emancipation of the Italian provinces from Austrian Prefects and from indigenous tyrants; a disciple of VOLTAIRE, he has defended the temporal power of the POPE. In his late speech he lamented that the formation of the North-German Confederacy in 1866 was not prevented by French interference, and in blaming an unnecessary outrage on the common sense and the conscience of Europe he avowed his readiness to approve of a war to be waged in the inevitable contingency of a closer approximation between North Germany and the States south of the Main. It would probably have been wiser to pay, in conformity with M. THIERS's counsels, some fractional tribute to general opinion. The numerous partisans of France in England would have applauded a crusade against Prussian aggrandizement, while at present even the Paris Correspondent of the *Telegraph*, himself more French than Frenchmen themselves, can only suggest that Prussia may perhaps have been guilty of some act of provocation which has not yet been discovered or specified. For the present it must be assumed that the French official apologists have made the strongest case in their power for their own Government and against the enemy. M. OLLIVIER on behalf of the Ministry, and M. ROUHER as President of the Senate, have given official

explanations of the causes of the war, and M. ROUHER, less trammelled by responsibility or reserve, is by far the more candid of the two. M. THIERS himself would perhaps acknowledge the force of the statement that since 1866 the EMPEROR has employed himself in the reorganization of the army, and M. ROUHER has only to hint at the natural inference that the completion of the task is itself the signal for war. It is said that M. ROUHER's argument might have been strengthened by the fact that the Prussian War Office is in the midst of an alteration in the form of its great and small arms. To the possessor of a perfect instrument of murder it seems a waste of opportunity not to use it in putting an unprepared neighbour to death.

M. OLLIVIER, in foreign as in domestic transactions the subservient agent of a policy which he disapproves, after announcing two or three days before that the question was settled by the renunciation of Prince LEOPOLD, explained on Friday the 15th to the Legislative Body his reasons for entering, as he said, with a light heart into a war too groundless to be approved even by M. THIERS. The Prussian Government had, it seemed, on the 14th of July commenced military preparations, and the King of Prussia had refused a third audience to the French Ambassador. It was on the 6th that the Duke of GRAMONT delivered the menacing speech which was understood throughout Europe to imply a contingent declaration of war; and it was no secret that the interval had been actively employed by the French Government in preparations for a campaign. There can be little doubt that the North German authorities had also been vigilant and active; but it seems that none of their measures during the week after the Duke of GRAMONT's threat furnished a pretext for captious comment. M. OLLIVIER himself, with singular awkwardness, admitted that the refusal of a Royal audience to an ambassador would not of itself constitute a ground of war. The KING's refusal was, he declared, aggravated into an affront by the act of the Prussian Government in communicating the proceeding in a circular despatch to all their representatives at foreign Courts. The second pretext was even more frivolous than the first, and it was in fact utterly unfounded. No such Circular, nor any Circular relating to the same subject, had been issued by the Prussian Government; and M. OLLIVIER showed in another portion of his speech that he was conscious of the inaccuracy of his earlier statement. "In order," he told the Legislative Body, "that the decision (to refuse the audience) should not appear what it might have been regarded as being—namely, an act without consequences—in order that its character should not be at all equivocal, the KING's Government officially communicated that decision to all the Cabinets of Europe, which certainly is not done in all cases where audiences are refused to ambassadors." It was impossible that M. OLLIVIER should pledge himself more distinctly to the formal character of the supposed despatch, which nevertheless was wholly imaginary or fictitious; yet in another passage M. OLLIVIER, referring to the same matter, merely asserts that the Prussian representatives had caused the report of the refusal to be published in the newspapers. According to M. OLLIVIER, the Circular which never was written was the sole cause of the war. "We have not considered," he said, "whether the moment was opportune or not to attack Prussia." M. ROUHER, on the other hand, declares that France quivers with indignation at the excesses of an ambition over-excited by the one day's good fortune of Sadowa. "Your MAJESTY was able to wait, but has occupied the last four years in perfecting the armament and organization of the army." Between the two incompatible explanations of the war with Germany the French Government is at liberty to choose; but no third form of apology is admissible. The accounts of M. BENEDETTI's demeanour at Ems were apocryphal, and the Duke of GRAMONT's demand for an autograph submission to be written by the King of Prussia was perhaps inaccurately reported; but if any pretext for the war had been furnished by the Prussian Government, it would assuredly have been communicated to the Legislative Body.

The cynical indifference of the French Government to justice or even to plausibility can scarcely be regarded as politic. The ambitious projects attributed to Prussia must have been directed, not against France, but against the Southern States of Germany; yet Bavaria, Wurttemberg, and Baden would have been forced by the wantonness of the attack to unite their fortunes with Prussia even if they had not been impelled by patriotic feeling. The great majority of Frenchmen are probably not even now aware that they are engaged in a war with all Germany outside the Austrian dominions; and it is absolutely certain that, whatever may be the leanings of the

Court of Vienna, neither Hungary nor the German States of the Empire will allow the Government to take the part of the foreign invader. The object of the war, according to Ministerial French writers, is to deprive Prussia of her recent acquisitions, and to establish a new German Confederation, from which Prussia as well as Austria is to be excluded; yet all the members of the proposed Union are fighting for the maintenance or extension of the present Confederation. The hope that Hanover will rise on the side of France is a delusion founded on utter ignorance of the German character. It is not at present thought prudent to aspire, except in the form of street cries, to the annexation of the Rhenish provinces; but the army and the mob and the noisy patriots of the Senate and the Legislative Body undoubtedly share the lifelong aspirations of M. THIERS.

The position of Spain during the rupture between France and Germany suggests curious surmises, which justify Mr. HORSMAN'S curiosity, though it may have been indiscreet to ask for information. As Mr. HORSMAN says, Spain could scarcely have refused to join Prussia if Prince LEOPOLD had not been induced to withdraw his acceptance; and it may be presumed that the King of PRUSSIA only interfered in the hope of avoiding a rupture with France. Marshal PRIM, who by his announcement of the HOHENZOLLERN candidature gave the signal of the agitation which has ended in war, has calmly informed the Cortes that they need not meet on the 20th, and, according to newspaper report, he is about to seek recreation at a French watering-place. At the same time the French Government and its newspapers are ostentatiously courteous to Spain; and Don CARLOS and his partisans are rigorously checked by the French police in all their real or supposed designs against the Spanish Government. The proposed election of HOHENZOLLERN, though it was treated as a deadly affront, is silently condoned; nor was it thought necessary to exact from the REGENT, as from the King of PRUSSIA, a promise that the candidature should never be revived. For the outrage on Spanish independence which was contained in the Duke of GRAMONT'S speech no apology or reparation has been offered. The affair has given occasion for a war which had undoubtedly been meditated long before, and now it appears that France and Spain are once more on the most cordial terms. Suspicious observers remember that Marshal PRIM has long enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the Emperor NAPOLEON, and that Prince LEOPOLD of Hohenzollern was not long since a favoured guest at the Tuileries. If it is true that the Duke of GRAMONT objected by anticipation to any mention by the King of PRUSSIA of the connexion between the families of SIGMARINGEN and BONAPARTE, his objection must have been founded on the fear that the original selection of the German candidate might be attributed to the EMPEROR. It is not to be supposed that any such proposal was formally made, but PRIM may have been encouraged to believe that the EMPEROR'S kinsman and guest would be favourably regarded by the French Government. If the Spaniards are satisfied with the share of their Prime Minister in the late transactions, their national susceptibility must have been extraordinarily blunted.

THE EDUCATION BILL.

THE good feeling which has for the most part characterized the progress of the Education Bill was unfortunately interrupted by the debate on the provision that the votes at the election of School Boards should be taken by ballot. Upon this point both the Government and the Opposition contrived to put themselves in the wrong. For the charge brought against the former, of wishing to take the House by surprise, there was no sufficient foundation. Ample notice had been given of the amended second schedule, and it was perfectly understood that the introduction of the ballot was part of the concessions made by the Government to their supporters below the gangway, by way of compensation for the continued favour shown to the Denominational system. But at that time the Parliamentary Elections Bill had a good chance of becoming law before the end of the Session, and the Conservatives would have had no adequate motive for rejecting the application to a particular variety of municipal and parish elections of a principle which would have been already adopted, or all but adopted, on a larger scale and in elections of greater importance. As soon, however, as it became evident that no further progress could be made with the Parliamentary Elections Bill this year, the Opposition saw that the peculiar circumstances of the case gave them an unexpected opportunity of making a momentary stand against an inevitable but unsatisfactory change. It was clear to all un-

prejudiced persons that the second schedule of the Education Bill stood in a wholly different relation to the rest of the measure, according as the ballot was or was not to be contemporaneously introduced in the election of members of Parliament. In the first event it was simply the extension to the election of School Boards of a system already in operation; in the second event it was the introduction of a contested system into a piece of legislation with which it had no necessary connexion. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that the Conservatives should oppose the schedule; and though the Government were in some sort pledged to an amendment introduced in deference to the wishes of a majority of the Liberal party, we cannot but think that their promise would have been sufficiently kept by a renewed undertaking to apply the ballot to elections for School Boards so soon as the passage of the Parliamentary Elections Bill should have removed it from the category of contested questions. Some time and still more temper would thus have been saved, while the composition of the School Boards would not have been materially altered.

A discussion of more real importance arose out of the determination which has finally been come to with regard to the constituency by which School Boards are to be elected. After much hesitation the Government have rejected their original conclusion upon this point. The inconsistency of having one system for towns and another for country parishes has become more and more abhorrent to Mr. FORSTER, and as the ratepayers had carried the day in the latter they have been allowed to triumph in the former also. It is probable that the gains and losses of the change will be not unequally balanced. As a rule, we believe that the more duties a corporate body has to discharge, the better it discharges each one of them. The sense of legislative responsibility grows with what it feeds on. But against this it may be argued that in many small towns the election of the Council is mixed up with so much jobbery that a good School Board is more likely to be obtained by a direct appeal to the ratepayers, who it may be hoped will act from somewhat purer motives in an educational contest than in the ordinary municipal struggles. This consideration rather pointed to the adoption of Mr. DIXON'S amendment, giving the appointment to the Councils in towns with 100,000 inhabitants. The only objection to this compromise was the previous adoption of the cumulative vote in the elections of School Boards by the ratepayers. A constituency voting under the check of minority representation will not be identical with the same constituency voting without that check, and the reasons which induced the Government to accept this important modification in the ordinary methods of popular election must be held to cover the further change of making the ratepayers the electing body in all cases. That they will perform this duty in a uniformly edifying manner is certainly too much to expect, but the experience which the public already has of the action of Town Councils, Boards of Guardians, and occasionally even of Benches of Magistrates, is not so encouraging as to lead us to attribute any very high value to the process of double election.

It may perhaps be found that the most important provisions of the Bill, as regard the composition of School Boards, are some which have been adopted by the Committee with no discussion at all. The great distinction between the Education Bill and all previous measures for achieving Imperial results by the aid of local machinery lies in the powers reserved by it to the Education Department to do the work themselves in cases where the School Boards are not inclined to do it. That this is the only means by which local prejudices, local ignorance, and local penuriousness can be successfully overcome, has been proved to demonstration by the working of the Poor-law. We saw last year how a refractory Board of Guardians can virtually set the Poor Law Board at defiance, and if the respectable ratepayers of St. Pancras had not been strong enough last Easter to elect a different class of officers, we might still have been watching the same unseemly spectacle of local maladministration and central weakness. The law directed the Guardians to do certain acts, and the Guardians refused to do them. In theory the Poor Law Board exists for the purpose of enforcing the performance of these very acts; but in practice its functions are confined to pointing out flagrant omissions, and to remonstrating, with more or less of vigour, whenever they are allowed to remain totally unremedied for a more than ordinary length of time. There is nothing, we fear, in the nature of things to prevent the educational management of many districts from falling into the hands of men not very different from the late Guardians of St. Pancras; and if the Education De-

partment had reserved to itself no more power than is now possessed by the Poor Law Board, the sole object of some School Boards would have been to keep down the education-rate by expedients analogous to those which are employed to keep down the poor-rate. The starvation of the mind is a far less shocking process than the starvation of the body, and many people who would shrink from the infliction of deliberate cruelty in the wards of a workhouse would see no harm in saving their own and their neighbours' pockets at the cost of the school provided by the School Board. Fortunately, Mr. FORSTER has taken warning by the sad experiences of Mr. GOSCHEN, and has introduced into the Education Bill a series of stringent provisions to meet the case of defaulting School Boards. The Education Department are to have the power of dissolving the Board whenever they think fit and ordering a fresh election, and if this appeal to the ratepayers proves insufficient, and the new Board does but reproduce the shortcomings of the old one, the Education Department may take the matter altogether into their own hands, and conduct the educational business of the district by a School Board appointed by themselves. Nothing has more shown the strong feeling of the House of Commons upon the question of education than the entire absence of opposition to these clauses. Upon any other subject a similar interference with that local self-government which is the object of such exaggerated worship in this country would have evoked the most bitter and persevering hostility. Necessary as something of the kind is to the effective working of the Poor-law, and to a proper regard for the public health, the whole strength of the Government might have been strained to the utmost before a provision could have been adopted as to either of these subjects which in reference to education has been assented to without remark. There is good reason to hope, therefore, that whenever the Education Department shall find it necessary to put these clauses into operation, they will be sustained in doing so by the general feeling of the country. A judicious vigour in keeping School Boards up to their work will probably do more towards achieving a satisfactory educational result than the most elaborate devices for securing a faultless constituency for the purpose of electing them.

The prospects of the Bill in the House of Lords are more favourable than its most hopeful advocates would have ventured to predict a little time back. In the nature of things it might be expected that an assembly in which the ecclesiastical element is so strongly represented would have been inclined to leave its mark on almost every clause of the measure. But the general assent of the country to the compromise proposed by the Government is so unmistakable that the Lords will almost certainly content themselves with amendments of detail. What the Bill is now, that it promises to be in all important respects when it receives the Royal assent.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR.

THE neutrality which every Englishman wishes to maintain during the present war may be endangered by many causes. There is no doubt that either France or Germany would resent any strong partisanship directed against themselves; but divided opinions and sympathies furnish some security against one-sided judgments. The profound ignorance of German history which prevails in England has created a strong prejudice against the Power which has found the means of its own aggrandizement in the promotion of national greatness and unity. The enthusiasm of Hanover, of Baden, of Bavaria, and of Wurtemberg against the alien invader will gradually correct the widely-spread misunderstanding of the events of 1866; but in the meantime France would have had many well-wishers if the pretext for a rupture had been somewhat more plausible. The nervous deference of the English Government to the supposed susceptibility of the French Emperor has been displayed in Mr. CARDWELL'S prohibition of the visits of military officers to the German head-quarters. Less responsible critics of passing events can scarcely be expected to be as timid as Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues; but it is desirable that the contemporary history of the war should be told, and subjected to comment without any excessive bias in favour of either party. It was neither possible nor expedient that the merits of the original quarrel should be excluded from discussion. The masters of the world are sufficiently reckless in the prosecution of their ambitious schemes, without claiming absolute exemption from the moral judgment of mankind. The Emperor NAPOLEON has, on the slenderest provocation, committed one of the greatest of crimes; but the cause of a war soon passes into the background when the actual struggle

absorbs universal attention. At the beginning of the American Civil War the Confederates were unanimously blamed by English writers for their attack on Fort Sumter; yet the popular complaint that at a later period insufficient sympathy was felt for the North had a certain foundation in fact. There is no reason to apprehend the territorial dismemberment of Germany, and France is safe from conquest. The declaration of war has removed the obstacles which interfered with the extension of the North German Confederation, and the admirers of the French Government must be content to accept the inevitable consequences of its policy. The war is apparently destined to be exceptionally confined to the military purpose of trying the comparative strength of two mighty rivals. There can be no question of subjugation on either side; and in time the aggressor will be weary of useless expenditure and bloodshed.

The ingenuity of the Stock Exchange discerned a danger which is not to be despised, when speculators for a fall lately circulated a report that Russia had formed an alliance with Prussia. The object of such a combination would be obvious and alarming, for it is only in the East that Russia and France have opposing interests; and, whatever might be the conduct of the English Government, the nation would not see with equanimity the revival of Russian projects of conquest while France was occupied in a struggle on her own frontier. According to the French official papers, the Italian Government has assured the Emperor NAPOLEON of its goodwill; but it would not be surprising if a similar communication has at the same time been addressed to Prussia. The sympathy of Italy will be assured to the belligerent who facilitates the acquisition of Rome. In the meantime it is prudent to be absolutely neutral, although the Ultramontane organs have already discovered that France is defending the cause of the Church against Protestantism and infidelity. Except from Russia, France has no reason to apprehend hostile interference, and the duties of England as a neutral Power will be facilitated by the participation of all other European Governments. A separate complication might arise if any disaffected German Court took advantage of the possible success of the French arms to abandon the common cause. The King of BAVARIA is loyal to his country, but a portion of the aristocracy and of the Catholic hierarchy is more jealous of Prussian encroachment than of French invasion. The King of WURTEMBERG, on the other hand, would gladly become, like his ancestor in the days of NAPOLEON I., a vassal to a foreign Power which would secure his dynasty from the supremacy of Prussia. It is a remarkable proof of the popular devotion to the cause of Germany that the Government of Wurtemberg has not attempted even to assert neutrality; but enthusiasm is liable to be checked by disaster, and French armies are not to be despised even when they are fighting in the most unjustifiable of quarrels.

The English Government has acted rightly in offering to mediate between the belligerents, in issuing a proclamation of neutrality, and in proposing to amend the law in accordance with the recommendations of the Commission; but some of these measures are useless, some are matters of course, and all are easy and safe. More onerous duties must be undertaken by statesmen who would provide wisely for the safety and honour of the country. It is not enough to profess or to feel to both parties a passive goodwill which neither perhaps will greatly value. That English neutrality may be respected, it must in the first place be understood that it is not unconditional. There is no need to secure immunity against encroachment by costly armaments, if only a distinct and immutable policy is adopted and plainly announced. Both France and Germany ought to receive notice that the minor States in their neighbourhood must not be sacrificed either to their military exigencies or to their possible desire of a future compromise. It is idle to affect a doubt that Belgium, and perhaps Holland, is in danger. The same French newspapers which were employed to prepare the way for the war with Prussia have since, with ominous persistency, endeavoured to fasten a quarrel upon Belgium. The people of Paris are one day informed that the Countess of FLANDERS is on a visit to her father, the Prince of HOHENZOLLERN-SIGMARINGEN, and at another it is impudently alleged that the King of the BELGIANS was the author of the almost forgotten candidature. The prudent precautions of the Belgian Government for the defence of its neutrality are of course misrepresented, and it is pretended that no corresponding precautions are taken on the Prussian frontiers of the kingdom. At the same time the conduct of Holland is ostentatiously applauded, with an obvious design to provoke jealousy and suspicion on the part

of Prussia. It is probably true that each of the belligerent Governments has promised to respect the territory of the neutral States as long as it is not infringed by the enemy; but the transit of a single regiment or company, by accident or of set purpose, across the smallest portion of Belgian territory, would be construed as putting an end to the engagement. It is the duty of England to enforce, in case of need, the obligation of both belligerents to abstain from any invasion of neutral ground. Such a warning would not be exclusively directed against France, because it is well known that during the negotiations which preceded the campaign of Sadowa, Count BISMARCK hinted at the seizure of Belgium by the Emperor NAPOLEON, as a possible compensation for the extension of Prussian power in Germany. There may perhaps be technical impediments to the formation of a tripartite alliance for defence of England, Belgium, and Holland; but the Belgian Government has already given the amplest proof of its determination to maintain its independence, and England can formally announce its purpose of employing all the resources of the nation in the same cause. It is probable that Holland, having long outlived the unfriendly feelings to Belgium which were caused by the Revolution of 1830, would welcome the opportunity of erecting a barrier against foreign aggression. The independence of the Netherlands would not long survive the annexation of Belgium to France; and the guarantee of England against possible German encroachment would not be a despicable security. The contingent use of force is the basis of all efficient diplomacy, for mediation or arbitration can only be useful as methods of giving a plausible colour to arrangements which have already been accepted. Lord STANLEY's illusory guarantee of the neutrality of Luxemburg was accepted by France and by the North German Confederation because at that time the French armaments were not completed, nor had Imperial absolutism been threatened by the ostensible establishment of constitutional government. The mediation which was decorously suggested by Mr. DISRAELI, and offered by Lord GRANVILLE, was futile or inadmissible at a time when, as M. ROCHER says, the EMPEROR was ready for war, and when, as he might have added, 50,000 soldiers had recently voted against the Empire. At the festival of the CORDEN Club, which is to be held to-day, the favourite doctrine of their infallible prophet may furnish an interesting subject of discussion. The recent editor of his speeches quotes with especial approbation the dogma that arbitration will always be an effective substitute for war. If he happens to attend the dinner he will have an opportunity of explaining the reasons which render the panacea of arbitration inapplicable on every occasion on which it is required.

GERMANY.

THE King of PRUSSIA is at the head of the troops of United Germany. That Germany should be united, and that the King of PRUSSIA should without the slightest struggle or jealousy be able to lead into the field all the troops of every German Power, is a truly wonderful event. For the moment at least the Germans are one people, and nothing like this, or even approaching to this, has ever before been seen in modern Europe. The German people have got rid of Austria, they have got rid of their princes; they are united, and they have a leader. For this they are mainly indebted to themselves. It was the people who got up the War of Liberation; it is the people who have clung to the idea of unity amid the jealousies of Courts and the intrigues of Ministers. It is the people who have formed themselves into what they are by the educational and military system of North Germany. Count BISMARCK has done as much as any one man could do to make a nation, but nations are not to be made by one man. The secret of the new strength of Germany lies in the consciousness of worth and strength which possesses the Germans. They feel that they and their country have a right to exist. The intrigues of Ministers or the successes of generals cannot create a spirit like that which now breathes through the whole German nation. It was the people of Bavaria and the people of Wurtemberg who determined in an instant that South Germany should work with North Germany in defence of the Fatherland. It is the peasants of the Rhineland who know that ruin stares them in the face, and who court ruin that even at that price the Fatherland may be their country. No greater conquest of ideas has been seen in modern Europe. France may succeed in rending Germany asunder. She may tear away from Germany provinces that long to be German. But for the moment at least Germany exists as a great, compact, concordant whole. And France has been one of the chiefest

means of bringing about the unity of Germany. The First NAPOLEON taught Germans what are the terrible calamities to which they must be subjected if they are divided. The Second NAPOLEON has taught Germans that the danger to which want of division exposes Germany is perpetual. France is going, if it can, to crush or destroy them because they venture to unite, and under the threat of France they have become altogether united. Even in the provinces that until lately hated Prussia as a rapacious and insolent aggressor there is now only one feeling, the desire to let France know, once for all, that Germany is determined to exist. Hanover is no more represented by the loafing adventurers who slope along the Boulevards under the name of the Hanoverian Legion, than England was represented by the exiles of St. Germain. If patriotism ever showed itself in a noble and striking manner, it is showing itself now in such a manner at this moment in Germany; and it may surely be said that it would be a terrible loss to humanity, and to Europe, if a patriotism of so high a degree were to show itself in vain, and if brute force and the *mitrailleuse* were to scatter it into dust.

The French, too, are intensely patriotic, and it is not to be questioned but that in some strange way they have convinced themselves that right is on their side, and that they are entitled to say that German patriotism is an injury and an insult to them which they cannot endure. But when we judge between the combatants, we observe that the Germans are quite willing that French patriotism should endure and have free play so long as it keeps itself to itself and allows its neighbours to live in peace. And then German patriotism is something so new; and it is refreshing to find that a new great patriotic nation has sprung into existence. Of all men the Emperor of the FRENCH was the most interested in ascertaining whether its existence was a reality or not; and he evidently calculated wrongly. He had no notion that South Germany, which must bear the first brunt of the war, would at once proclaim itself identified with Prussia and the North. He thought he could make his quarrel one with Prussia only, and that Prussia was determined by the disaffection of her involuntary subjects. That within a week after the declaration of war the Kings of BAVARIA and WURTEMBERG would be receiving the thanks of their subjects for letting them fight against the French, would have seemed to him as improbable as anything could be. If history could be trusted as a guide, it might have been confidently expected that South Germany would at first have hesitated, then shifted backwards and forwards, and then have joined France. A string of questions addressed to the French representatives in Wurtemberg has lately been published, from which it appears that the French Government relied upon internal dissensions in the South German States, and calculated upon the assistance a French party in those States would give it. Even at Berlin it would seem as if surprise as well as delight was felt at the extreme readiness of South Germany to make cause with the North. In old days, too, if one German prince did make up his mind to aid another, he always insisted on making his assistance as ineffectual as possible, and on jealously retaining a separate command. Now, without a sign of remonstrance or unwillingness, the States of South Germany obey the command to place their forces at the disposal of the Crown Prince of PRUSSIA. Their soldiers are to all intents and purposes part of the Prussian army, and glory in being so. They feel a confidence in being guided by the conqueror of Sadowa which they would not feel if local generals and princes were to command them. Hesitation has always been hitherto the bane of German diplomatists and German commanders. But the German nation has grown wise, and has determined to escape this great source of danger. There has not been a trace of hesitation in German diplomacy; for the German nation has asserted itself, and has taken its fortunes out of the hands of diplomatists. And we may be sure that in the military operations of the German army there will be as little hesitation; and that every fortress will be ready to do its utmost service, and every regiment will be called into play, in exactly the manner, and at exactly the time, which the strategists of Berlin consider to be most advisable.

Whether the issue of this war will be like the issues of the disastrous wars in which the First NAPOLEON humbled Germany, no one can say; but what is certain is that every condition of the struggle is altered on the side of Germany. In those days France held Belgium and Holland as her own. Now Germany is covered on her long Rhenish frontier from the Moselle to the Waal, by nations determined to uphold their neutrality. Prussia betrayed the left bank of the Rhine

below Strasbourg to France on the promise of an indemnity to be gained at the expense of the small German States. Now the trans-Rhenan parts of Germany are not only the property of Prussia, but are evidently Prussian; and the strips of precious territory which Prussia got under the Second Peace of Paris, in compensation for what Russia took in Poland, are protected by strong fortresses, and will tax the power of France to rend them from their present possessors. There were scattered over Germany in the time of NAPOLEON many fortresses of some celebrity. But they were of little use, for he was always rendering them useless by getting them betrayed to him. Now Mayence, for example, which Austria sold to him at Campo Formio, is one of the strongest places in all Europe, and it is quite certain that united Germany will never give it up until it is wrested from her by sheer force. For fifty years the wealth of Germany has been lavished in making the safeguards against France safe. Throughout the wars of the First NAPOLEON there were always Germans who wished that the German Powers should be beaten, or were at least indifferent whether France won or not. Prussia attached scarcely any value to the left bank of the Rhine, and let France do as it pleased in order to profit by the final partition of Poland. Austria did not so much wish to beat France as to get hold of Bavaria, while Bavaria brought about the calamities of Ulm and Austerlitz, and became virtually a province of France, in order to defeat the projects of Austria. Germany deserved most thoroughly the humiliation to which it was subjected; but even then it took the military genius of NAPOLEON to beat the Germans. His lieutenants often sustained reverses which, if the German troops had been under decent management, might easily have proved fatal to the invaders. Too much, indeed, is often made of Leipsic on the one side, as too much is made of Jena on the other. For it was under the shelter and with the co-operation of Russia that Germans made there their first successful stand against NAPOLEON, as they might have made it long before but for the inconceivable folly of the King of Prussia. Leipsic is noticeable, not as a victory of Germans, but as the first battle in which the German people, as apart from the German sovereigns, fought for their independence. Leipsic was the beginning of that movement which now arrays all Germany as one man against LOUIS NAPOLEON; and from that day to this the movement has never ceased. The symptoms of the growth of a nation are not always very pleasant to witness, and the common sense of Europe justly condemned the foolish fury of the students which ended in the murder of KOTZEBUE, as thirty years later it condemned the idle revolution which for a moment set up a mock Empire at Frankfort. But in spite of everything, in spite of France, in spite of its princes, in spite of its own faults, Germany has grown, now slowly, now quickly, for half a century, until at last it is a nation and challenges France in arms on terms which make the Emperor of the FRENCH, and all of his subjects who do something more than shout and swear at Prussia, feel that, after all France can do to prevent it, Germany may still be Germany.

AMERICA.

MR. MOTLEY'S departure from England will be regretted by his personal friends; and his successor will be received with the respect and goodwill to which an American Minister is entitled. The tenure of the office is apparently becoming less secure than in former times, for Mr. MOTLEY, when he succeeded Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, might fairly have expected to retain his office to the end of the Presidential term. He cannot be accused of having been corrupted by the singular kind of bribe which was supposed by American politicians to have been found irresistible by his predecessor. The gilded saloons of the Mansion House, of Willis's Rooms, and of the Freemasons' Tavern have not been spread with entertainments in honour of Mr. MOTLEY, nor has he elsewhere yielded to the fascinations of those public dinners of which Englishmen of his class think with a shudder. It is highly improbable that he has failed to comply with his original instructions to do nothing, or that he has been wanting in vigour, if at any later time he has been directed to revive the dormant claims of his Government. It appears from a statement made in the Senate that Lord CLARENDON, shortly before his death, replied to a proposal for the renewal of negotiations by the expression of a doubt whether two Governments holding diametrically opposite views could hope to arrive at an understanding. If any further discussion took place, Mr. MOTLEY was not likely to have erred on the side of deference or of excessive tendency to conciliation. As the Government of the United

States has insisted that the negotiation shall hereafter be conducted at Washington, any communications which may have been exchanged in London were probably of secondary importance.

From the language of the American papers it may be collected that the causes of the recall of Mr. MOTLEY were unconnected with his diplomatic merits or efficiency. The PRESIDENT has deviated from ordinary practice by conferring the chief appointments in his gift on his own friends rather than on the nominees of the Republican party; but it was understood that Mr. MOTLEY was recommended for office by Mr. SUMNER, and it seems that he is dismissed because the policy of the PRESIDENT has been lately thwarted by the Chairman of the Committee of the Senate on Foreign Affairs. General GRANT has adopted with unusual warmth the scheme for purchasing the territory of San Domingo, and he has been baffled by the opposition of the Senate, and especially of Mr. SUMNER. After long delay the treaty has been rejected; and the same fate probably awaits the alternative project of a lease of Samana Bay. To impartial observers the reasons against the expediency and justice of the measure appear to be forcible. In the anarchical regions of Spanish America, where rival leaders are incessantly fighting for supremacy, it is an anomaly that any adventurer who, like BAEZ, contrives to retain power for a few months, should be entitled to sell his country to a foreign purchaser. It would be but fair to provide compensation for CABRAL or some other reverser who may, after shooting BAEZ, succeed to his power. It may, indeed, be plausibly argued that annexation would be beneficial to San Domingo, as it would finally put an end to the succession of BAEZES and CABRALS; but it may be answered that a corresponding injury or inconvenience would be inflicted on the United States. To the plausible arguments of his opponents General GRANT replies by the recall of Mr. MOTLEY, who may perhaps never have troubled himself with the question of San Domingo. After doing his utmost to weaken the Executive in the time of Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, the PRESIDENT is perhaps not sorry to remind the Senate that he possesses, not only the original right of appointment, but the summary power of dismissal. Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN's name is scarcely known in England, but he is a moderate Republican, and it may be assumed that he possesses the necessary qualifications for his new office. The American Ministers at the English Court have always been selected with due regard to their competence and to their social position. When it becomes necessary to provide, in the diplomatic service, for some partisan of questionable character, he is sent to Lisbon, to Madrid, or to some South American capital, where his history and his demeanour will not be too harshly scrutinized. Mr. LAWRENCE, Mr. BUCHANAN, Mr. DALLAS, Mr. ADAMS, Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, and Mr. MOTLEY were all justly classed among the most considerable citizens of the Republic. As the Americans have thought fit to dispense with the profession of diplomacy, the President of the time has for the most part made a judicious use of his unrestricted freedom of choice. It will be only necessary that Lord GRANVILLE or his successor should remember that Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN enjoys the confidence of a President who is habitually thwarted by the Senate. American Ministers accredited to Foreign Courts are subject to the disadvantage of representing their own country only in an imperfect and conditional manner. A European ambassador is only liable to be disavowed if he mistakes or exceeds his instructions, or in the rare event of a sudden change of policy which may be facilitated by the sacrifice of a diplomatic agent. An American Minister, on the other hand, can only conclude treaties subject to the sanction of an irresponsible assembly which is at liberty to forget that it had previously approved both of his mission and of the policy embodied in the draft of treaty. Mr. SUMNER's probable hostility to the successor of his own nominee makes it additionally probable that the Senate will refuse to confirm any convention which may be negotiated by Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN.

The Senate has of late sometimes rebelled against the dictation of the rhetorical Chairman of Foreign Affairs. A severe and irritating lecture addressed to Spain in the form of Resolutions on the affair of Cuba, has been rejected by a majority; but the Senate concurs with Mr. SUMNER and with the PRESIDENT in rejecting the proposed recognition of the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents. It is due to the better class of American politicians to acknowledge that they have lately discountenanced the popular appetite for the acquisition of foreign territory. Mr. SEWARD reduced the doctrine which was once known as "manifest destiny" to an absurdity by his preposterous pur-

chase of the barren icebergs of Russian America; and the personal unpopularity which he incurred as the political ally of ANDREW JOHNSON extended to his favourite policy. The reaction which he provoked found expression in the rupture of the bargain concluded with Denmark for the transfer of the island of St. Thomas. After the Danish Government had renounced the allegiance of its colonial subjects in favour of the United States, the Senate failed to confirm the treaty, and the House of Representatives refused to vote the purchase-money. In resisting the PRESIDENT's urgent recommendations of the purchase of San Domingo, the Senate is perfectly consistent with its own recent policy, although it may perhaps be influenced by resentment against the PRESIDENT on account of his eccentric distribution of patronage. The more thoughtful opponents of the agitation in favour of the Cuban insurgents have probably taken into account, not only the rules of international law, but the interests of the United States. Notwithstanding the commonplaces of General BANKS and of similar orators, the Americans care but little for the mere overthrow of Spanish domination, or for the establishment of a semi-barbarous Republic in Cuba. The sympathy which has been widely felt for the insurgents implies a belief that after a short interval liberated Cuba would follow the example of Texas by seeking admission into the Union. Patriotic pride would be gratified by a change in the tint which now designates Cuba on the map as a foreign possession; but there is no reason to believe that CESPEDES and his confederates have at any time entertained the purpose of becoming Americans when they cease to be Spanish subjects. The insurgents wish to drive the immigrant Spaniards, and especially the officials, from the island; but nothing would be more intolerable to their feelings than the adoption of American institutions which would practically be administered by alien masters. If the rebellion had proved successful it would perhaps be necessary for the Government of the United States to conquer the island from the victor, either in pursuance of a bargain for the price of assistance, or because it would be impossible to tolerate the vicinity of an ill-governed slaveholding Republic. Annexation would be easy, but a new State inhabited by creoles, mulattoes, and negroes, all Roman Catholic in creed and Spanish in language, would be an undesirable partner in the Union. It is reported that some members of the House of Representatives uttered a cheer on the announcement of war between France and Prussia, either because they assumed that Spain would be a party to the conflict, or under the influence of a disinterested love of mischief. On reflection even the most eager politicians will perhaps discover that the fortunes of Cuba will be probably little affected by European disturbances. They have no need to doubt that the United States will retain preponderating influence in the Western hemisphere.

NEWSPAPER PROPRIETIES.

OUR contemporary the *Spectator*, under a title which we adopt, has published an article characteristic of that journal; in saying which we intend no sneer, but simply that it is such an article as we expect to meet with nowhere else. It is at the same time appreciative and critical. Our contemporary finds good in everybody's evil, but also evil in everybody's good. The *Spectator* admits everybody's good; but then everybody's good might be made better were it cast in the *Spectator's* own special mould. What, however, that mould is we are not always accurately informed. The occasion of our present remarks is this. The *Spectator* of last Saturday observes:—"One or two of our contemporaries, in their zeal for proprieties, are pushing the theory of obscurationism"—with respect to publishing reports of cases in Courts of justice in which sexual sins are involved—"nearly as far as Mr. CRAUFURD or as Dr. LUSH, protecting delicacy, which is only a grace, at the expense of justice, which is a virtue." And then the *Saturday Review* is especially adverted to. "With their denunciation of quack advertisements we entirely agree, not so much on the score of propriety, for the advertisements could be made proper enough . . . but because the advertisements assist scoundrels who live partly by the sale of dirty books, but chiefly by extorting money by threats." This sympathy with our labours—labours, we are happy to say, which have been successful—is however modified by a little caution on the *Spectator's* part, to the effect that we "do not always observe these proprieties" ourselves—"the *Saturday Review* not hesitating to criticize very doubtful French novels." As far as anything can be made out of the *Spectator's* hints, it would seem that, though we have done the State some service in our remonstrances with some of our London contem-

poraries, and have succeeded in getting them to exclude from their columns certain advertisements which the *Spectator* agrees with us in denouncing, yet we have gone too far; and it is suggested that we have gone nearly as far as Mr. CRAUFURD and Dr. LUSH. As to the matter of fact, it happens that we did very plainly express our disapprobation of Mr. CRAUFURD's motion for clearing the House of Commons on the discussion of the Contagious Diseases Acts—a motion which we regret to find that, in deference to consistency, he repeated on Wednesday last; and as to Dr. LUSH, and his question about the propriety or impropriety of the successful candidates for Indian appointments attending the Police Courts in order to learn their future duties, we have never said one word on the subject. If the *Spectator* wants our opinion on the subject, we should say that this attendance may be justified on precisely the same grounds on which instruction to young medical students in all forms of disease is to be justified. Future Indian magistrates are of the class of experts; and they ought to be taught their profession in all its most painful, or it may be revolting, details. What Dr. LUSH said is nothing to us, for we never expressed approval of it; and now that we are confronted with Dr. LUSH's obscurantism, we may say that we think it very silly. This talk on the part of the writer in the *Spectator* would have been to the purpose could it have been possible to connect this journal with any approval of what Mr. CRAUFURD did and what Dr. LUSH said.

And we must frankly say that the small taunt about our inconsistency in denouncing CURTIS and LA'MERT and "criticizing very doubtful French novels," would have had a good deal more point and force had our contemporary been able to say that we had praised and commended these novels. Were we not to "criticize," and in criticizing reprobate as we have done, these flagitious publications, we should certainly be open to the charge of obscurantism and prudery. With all indignation to denounce vice and corruption, whether it is to be found in scrofulous French novels, as Mr. BROWNING calls them, or in CURTIS's Manuals, may be wise or unwise, but to call it obscurantism or over-scrupulousness is an abuse of language.

But the *Spectator* is more explicit, and arraigns us for Pharisaism. "It is surely rather Pharisaical to assert that Mr. GRANT [of the *Morning Advertiser*], being as he is a man of deep though erroneous religious convictions, ought not to edit the *Advertiser*, or write in it, because a body of persons [the Licensed Victuallers, who are the proprietors of the paper] over whom he has no control, and for whom he has no responsibility, choose to publish quack advertisements." The *Spectator* here assumes the point in dispute—namely, the responsibility of a newspaper editor. We will not put the argument personally, but we very much doubt whether, if the case were that of the Editor of the *Spectator*, that honourable and sincere gentleman, which we know him from his newspaper to be, would think himself discharged of responsibility in a like case. Were the proprietors of the *Spectator* to insist on publishing CURTIS and LA'MERT's advertisements we are certain that the Editor would not hold office for a week. We must make ourselves clear on the moral question of the responsibility of newspaper editors. The editor of a newspaper devotes his time and ability and assiduity to one purpose, to make his journal as successful as possible, and to increase the area of its circulation and the number of his readers. The more widely his paper is circulated the better he discharges his duties. Now we will assume that Mr. GRANT does all this, and that by his talents and diligence he contributes largely to the circulation of the *Advertiser*. But the circulation of the *Advertiser* means not only the circulation of Mr. GRANT's *ex hypothesi* political wisdom and religious essays, but also the circulation of the advertisements of "scoundrels who live partly by the sale of dirty books, but chiefly by extorting money by threats." The more, therefore, Mr. GRANT makes the *Advertiser* a literary and political success the more he plays into the hands of the scoundrels, assists their flagitious trade, and scatters their poisonous wares over the land. If this is not complicity with evil we know not the meaning of moral responsibility. It is simply impossible to cut a newspaper into two moral halves, and to say that the superintendent of one department has nothing to do with the contents of the other half. If an enterprising publisher of the last century had agreed to pay (say) POPE and WILKES for an edition of the *Essay on Man* and the *Essay on Woman* in a single volume, what would the world have said of the plea if POPE had urged that he was not responsible for the flagitious half of the conjoint publication? But the *Spectator* urges a parallel. "Carry that idea"—namely, our view of Mr.

GRANT'S responsibility—"to its logical conclusion, and every member of Parliament who thinks the Contagious Diseases Acts immoral, as a great many members do think, ought to quit that assembly, because by remaining in it he is increasing its moral weight." Let us examine this. Mr. GRANT—this is our contention—derives his means of life, that is his salary, from immoral advertisements of which he personally disapproves; but every member of Parliament, if the *Spectator's* analogy is good for anything, ought to draw his income from the profits of the inspection of prostitutes, an arrangement of which on moral grounds he personally disapproves. Logical conclusion is a fine phrase, but it happens to be very much out of place when there is neither logic in the argument nor analogy in the two instances. Conscious of the weakness, however, of this sophistry, the *Spectator* goes on to admit that our "principle" is no doubt very often just; but there are many "sound principles which, if applied in all cases, would surrender the world to the dominion of evil"—which is quite true, but does not in the least degree affect us, because to "apply it to all cases" is precisely what we did not do, but only to Mr. GRANT'S own and particular case.

But the *Spectator* at last grapples, or seems to grapple, with us at closer quarters. "They," i.e. the *Saturday Review* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, "are constantly calling for reticence in reporting trials, but neither of them defines with any precision what it means by reticence, or sets any intelligible example." Precisely so; we do not define reticence in reporting, because this is a matter of morals, and belongs to casuistry, if we may say so, and as such is incapable of precise definition. Moral questions are not susceptible of this hard-and-fast definition; they are each and all open to qualifications, distinctions, circumstantiation. What we said was, that in the MORDAUNT case, and in the BOULTON and PARK case, much more was published than need have been published, and yet all the interests of justice served. We never advocated secret trials; if we said that the report of the BOULTON and PARK case should have been suppressed, perhaps the *Spectator* will produce the passage where we laid this down. If it fails to do so, it is firing in the air. We never said, or thought of saying, that no topics should be discussed in newspapers which girls should not read. What we said was that *Reynolds's Newspaper* committed a flagrant impropriety—and that for the mere love of indecency—in publishing the medical evidence in the BOULTON and PARK case. The *Spectator* will not undertake to say that this particular evidence ought to have been made public. On the contrary, the *Spectator* "would not wish to tolerate full reports in the papers." What then is it writing about? Where is the difference between us and the *Spectator*? The *Spectator* advocates the "careful editing of all doubtful cases" by gentlemen who work with the intention of keeping out "anything likely to do injury to the public morals," which is exactly our contention. But this formula of the *Spectator* is, like our own, not precise; it is vague; it is inexact, and, to use its own language, "does not define with any precision what it means by reticence," or keeping out what is injurious to public morals. What we said was that the medical evidence reported by *Reynolds* was injurious to public morals. What we said on the MORDAUNT case was that much more was reported than was necessary for the ends of justice. What we said was that decent newspapers ought to exclude a certain class of advertisements, and a certain kind of law-reporting. This is really all that we have said about "Newspaper Proprieties." We shall not insult the *Spectator* by asking whether it defends *Reynolds*? but we shall take the liberty of inquiring whether, in the *Spectator's* judgment, just so much and no more was reported, say by the *Times* itself, in the MORDAUNT case and in the BOULTON and PARK case, as exactly coincides with the *Spectator's* undefined, because very properly undefinable, standard of the *dicenda tacenda*? Surely it comes to this, that the only point worth arguing between ourselves and the *Spectator* is whether in this or that instance, in reporting or not reporting this or that particular detail, the exact line is hit. In our judgment, and as regards the instances we have specified, we have said, and we repeat it, that too much was reported; and the *Spectator* does not say that the precise amount, neither too much nor too little, was reported.

Finally, the *Spectator* says that "the London daily press is at this moment the cleanest printed in the English language." It is so, but no thanks to the *Spectator*; though, if we may judge from what public opinion has pronounced, some thanks are due, and for the matter of that are rendered, to those two journals which within the last few months

have compelled this cleanness. "But to go further, as the *Saturday Review* would have proprietors do, is to introduce a new set of evils very much worse than those they now so eloquently denounce." If this is meant to say that we go further and advocate "secret trials," and entire silence in the daily papers as to all unpleasant subjects and all gross crimes, all that we have to reply is that we never advocated secret trials, or obscurantism of this sort. But if the *Spectator* means to say that all such trials should be fully reported in the daily press, and that the proprietors of the *Morning Advertiser* and the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* have no responsibilities in the matter of quack advertisements and are not bound to exclude them, lest a worse thing happen to us, and lest there should arise journals especially devoted to the records of crime and obscenity, we join issue at once, and say that it would be infinitely less harmful that *Reynolds* and *Lloyd* should have rivals, who are known and acknowledged as the pests which they are, and that people who want dirt should go to the sty and the sewer, than that the *Times* and *Standard* should publish what no interests either of justice or morals are subserved by publishing.

THE WAR OF 1870.

I.

MUCH reproach has been cast upon military critics for not forecasting truly the results of the last two great wars. Even now men freely say that it is useless to anticipate the events of the coming struggle, since in 1862, as in 1866, the most able predictions were just those that events falsified the most completely. We were told, it is remarked, by experts in the former year that the North would certainly be beaten; two years later we saw the North completely triumphant. We were told four years since, by those supposed to know best, that Prussia had no chance against Austria, that the Imperial armies would emerge from Bohemia in a bold offensive, and that the untried levies of the HOHENZOLLERN would prove altogether unable to stop the way to Berlin. Exactly the contrary of these events occurred. The Austrians were unable to get ready in time to take the offensive; they proved equally unable to meet the Prussians in fair fight; the Prussian armies, and not the Austrian, dictated peace before the enemy's gates. From these two examples it has not unnaturally been deduced that the opening of a great war finds the most uninformed and the most skilful writers on a level as regards knowledge of the future, and that the only refuge from falling into error is to reserve all commentary until the close.

Are not the premises somewhat insufficient for the conclusion? Is it really the case that although sixty-five years since, before the campaign of Jena began, it was possible for a theorist at Paris to point to the spot of German soil where the battle which was to decide the fate of Prussia should be fought, and for WELLINGTON during the peace of 1814 to indicate the importance of Waterloo in the defence of Belgium, matters are now so changed that the whole progress of any future war must be inscrutable from first to last? These questions may be best answered by a very brief examination of the causes which set at naught all attempts to prophesy the course of the American and Bohemian campaigns, and by seeing how far these apply to the present crisis.

The American War is now understood by all well-informed Englishmen to have been far more an affair of politics than of mere soldiery. No honest Northern writer disputes the genius which the chief Southern commanders showed, or the valour of their troops. The Unionist historians chronicle fairly enough the tremendous defeats which their invading armies at first endured, and the tenacity of resistance which LEE and JOHNSTON showed to the last, when their inferiority threw them entirely on the defensive. But neither genius nor valour displayed on a single front could avail against the preponderating force which the Unionists could exert when once fairly roused. The ill-fated counter-invasions attempted by JEFFERSON DAVIS'S orders were just sufficiently alarming to waken thoroughly the sentiment which is called ambition or patriotism, according to the feelings with which it is viewed, whilst made without sufficient force to carry out any design of conquest. The splendid obstinacy which the Unionists thenceforth displayed, and the daring policy which made use of the public feeling to gather overwhelming forces by sea and land on every vulnerable point of the Confederacy, did the rest. The South succumbed, fairly overborne by her gigantic enemy, her means of resistance (the feebleness of which was at the first skilfully concealed) being quite inadequate to support the repeated shocks which the resources of the North

heaped upon her. The victory was eminently a political one, and the result was assured from the moment the greater Power began unreservedly to put forth its strength. No military skill could long avail against such odds when the raw material of the contending forces was so essentially similar in fibre.

As to the Austro-Prussian campaign, the chief facts known were that both parties had very large armies, the one inexperienced but freshly reorganized for war and armed with a new weapon, the other proved in action but weighted by the leaden government of a narrow coterie. The improved organization of the Prussians had not been studied. The effects of their breechloader were—as their own printed Tactical Instructions show—misdoubted by their authorities, and appreciated by none but a few far-sighted officers who had served in Schleswig. Had we learnt that in rapid arming they had secured the advantage, had GABLENZ's warning to the EMPEROR been made known that troops armed with the muzzle-loader had no fair chance against the needle-gun, predictions would have been as freely launched in favour of the Prussians as they undoubtedly were against them. JOMINI, in the last paper that ever issued from his fertile pen, attributed the ruin of the Austrians to three distinct disadvantages—in numbers, weapon, and strategy. The last of these was necessarily a doubtful element. As to the first, the full superiority of the new Prussian system was altogether unknown save to those who had created it, whilst the other was really a very grand experiment, which had not been fairly tried.

In short, the value of all such forecasts depends not only upon the powers of the diviner, but on the accuracy of his knowledge. To take the famous instance of 1806, before adverted to, it is only possible that such marvellous accuracy as foretold the battle of Jena could be attained when great intuitive skill was favoured by practical knowledge of the conditions. JOMINI had been studying NAPOLEON's career with the highest critical interest, and had served with the Grand Army in its late brilliant advance to the Danube. He was therefore peculiarly acquainted with the instrument, and with the genius of him who wielded it, whilst he had, both as an historian and a French staff-officer, become aware that the Prussian army was not only inferior in numbers, but antiquated in its habits. The process of reasoning by which he drew his famous conclusion may be fairly traced somewhat as follows:—
 "NAPOLEON will certainly follow his bent and take the offensive. As Austria is closed to him by the late treaty, he must attack Prussia either from Bavaria or the Rhine. But his army is just now gathered in Bavaria on its way back from Vienna, and he will never waste time in going all round to get upon the Rhine again. Therefore Northern Bavaria will certainly be his immediate base—no doubt the line of the Upper Main, where he is screened by mountains, and has the Upper Danube plains at his back to supply him. Here then he will collect, fronting naturally due north. The Prussians know nothing of war since 1795, and will infallibly follow the old system and spread out their lesser army fronting his, and facing the south, with their left pointing towards Berlin. Supposing this actually happens, it is quite as easy for the EMPEROR to fall upon their left as on their centre or right, with this advantage, that if they stop to concentrate, he will concentrate too, and have his superior force between them and Berlin, so that a single defeat will ruin them. This is what can hardly escape so brilliant a genius as his. Now I observe that the roads from the Upper Main into Saxony run well forward through a piece of Bavarian territory which projects northward towards Hof, and is of course a convenience in such a case. Though difficult, this end of the Thuringian Forest is not mountainous; and as there are several highways, two or three days' march will bring the bulk of the French through it. Whilst the columns converge to unite in the lower ground of Saxony, the Prussians, discovering that they are being turned and outflanked to the east of their line, will draw in towards their own left to meet the enemy. The deep valley of the Upper Saale, of great importance in former German wars, divides the east end of the Thuringian country from the rest, and will naturally separate the two armies. The passages of the Upper Saale all converge about Jena. It is pretty certain, therefore, that the Prussians, unless much wiser than I take them to be, will have to fight for these passages, and there is therefore fair reason to foretell that a great battle, on which the fate of the kingdom is to depend, will be fought in the neighbourhood of Jena."

Such we may suppose to have been the train of thought which led to a prediction, by a then obscure writer, which has

made his name more noted than the most elaborate of all his books. But matters are not in 1870 as in 1806. A hundred JOMINIS, if they were to meet in council at the Tuileries this week, could not possibly foresee the resultant of the tremendous forces about to be brought into collision. No one knows exactly the available armies which may be gathered by a certain time. The French boast that they can put 350,000 men on the Rhine in a few days. Very possibly; but the Germans can certainly assemble 390,000 men by *corps d'armée* in a fortnight. The French declare the Chassepot a better weapon than the Zündnadelgewehr. Very possibly; but the Prussian gun has stood the brunt of war, and bears the prestige of the most rapidly successful campaign on record. The French put faith in their new *mitrailleurs*; all recent experience tends to lessen expectation of great results from complicated forms of light artillery. The French believe that the Prussians have lost the practice of one sort of tactics, and not fixed on anything to take its place. The Prussian writers allege that, with any shortcomings, their new system is far in advance of those of other nations in its adaptation to the breechloader. The French point to the strategy that gave them Magenta, and the tactics that won Solferino. The Prussians say that the one was lost by the paltering incompetency of the Austrian staff, the other by the meddling of FRANCIS JOSEPH with matters far beyond his grasp. The French are proud of the active intelligence of their democratic rank and file, and their self-made officers and generals. The Prussians have faith in their patient sturdy soldiers, and the high professional spirit which animates their officers from the KING's son down to the youngest ensign. Out of all the war of words and controversies on theory this truth rises clearly up, that no man can at this moment pretend to fathom the probabilities, since no man has the knowledge which would make his judgment worth the having. The most important element of all in an equal war is the power of the leader. In this case each has been tried in but one campaign, and each against an adversary whose blunders prepared defeat. The military aspect of the war is in fact as uncertain as its effect upon the politics of Europe.

With the views we have announced it will not be expected that we should attempt to forecast the events now near at hand. It will be our endeavour rather from week to week to sum up the facts, and analyse or apply them only as far as means permit. The belligerents are resolved to keep the world thoroughly in the dark. Happily this is hardly possible, and we will do our best to pierce the cloud, not looking to the political side of the question, nor pointing out whether French ambition or Prussian aggrandizement is the more sinful. For seven long years Count BISMARCK has steadily and successfully pursued a policy which has, step by step, brought his country into a more leading position. Step by step he has roused the jealousy of his neighbours. At last Prussia finds herself rated as the first military Power in Europe. But that position has long been claimed by another; and no homilies, nor chapters on political economy, nor declarations on the rights of man and solidarity of the peoples, can avail to put off the long-preparing contest, which has sprung from causes no nearer their final extinction than when Rome made war upon Carthage. This said in exposition of our purpose, we shall keep henceforward to our task of chronicling and explaining events which must interest deeply even those who deprecate them most.

WHAT KINGS CAN CAUSE OR CURE.

THE well-known lines in the *Traveller*,

How small of all that human hearts endure
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

are generally quoted in the present day with a sneer at the shallowness of the thought. At the present moment, of all others, we are least likely to admit its truth. We may be as philosophical as we please, but we can hardly deny that the King of Prussia and the Emperor of the French are capable of causing, if not of curing, a very considerable amount of mischief. When it is plain that a ruler, by the mere act of signing his name, can produce an indefinite expenditure of blood and wealth, it is not exactly the time for insisting upon the trifling importance of good government to the happiness of mankind. And yet it may not be altogether out of place to consider the value of a sentiment which has been often expressed, and to which within certain limits it is impossible not to concede a fair share of accuracy. Poets, indeed, must not be judged by canons which are only applicable to philosophers. They must be permitted to utter half-truths without adding all the qualifications necessary to make them applicable in practice, but which would effectually destroy their poetical character. They

may give forcible expression to a thought which often occurs to us without being compelled to point out its incompleteness and oneness. The *Traveller*, for example, contains a vein of reflection which is valuable in itself, and had some special meaning at the time of its publication. Goldsmith may be said to have been preaching two practical doctrines, which, though given in a poetical form, had an intimate relation with much contemporary speculation. The first was that, after all, a great part of the daily life of human beings was only affected very indirectly by legislation or by forms of government. The peasantry in every country had to go through pretty much the same daily round, whatever might be the constitution under which they were governed, and were more affected by the incidents of climate and the seasons than the changes of Ministry or theories of politics. "Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel" had a very remote interest for the great mass of mankind. The doctrine, though obviously exaggerated, was not without some meaning at a time when people were entertaining the most extravagant speculations as to the influence of simple political changes upon the world at large; when, for example, Helvetius had been arguing in form that the whole difference between individuals and nations was a superficial result brought about entirely by the arbitrary pleasure of the legislator. It was further a fair remark that, as a matter of fact, the differences existing between nations were by no means so great, or so exclusively in favour of one system, as the popular acclamation of the time naturally tended to suggest. If Englishmen were in the habit of bragging intolerably about the British Constitution, it was as well to remind them that Frenchmen were very happy at times in spite of eating frogs and wearing wooden shoes; and that even our liberty was combined with a great deal of brutality, corruption, and social injustice. The lines in which Goldsmith summed up the moral of the poem were a fair protest against some of the cant that was then most popular and most urgently in need of correction. It was saying in substance, though we may be the freest and most high-spirited nation in the world, yet an admirable Constitution does not reach all the evils to be dreaded, nor are we in plain truth so very much better than our neighbours. The moral that we ought all to be good contented Tories, and take things as we found them without much effort at reform, was certainly very unsound; but, as against many revolutionary theories of the day, there was certainly some point in the moralizing embodied in the poem.

A more modern view, which falls in more or less with the doctrine here suggested, is the scientific prejudice expounded, for example, by Mr. Buckle, against the importance of individuals. The history of the world was taken to be simply a natural evolution, obeying certain fixed formulas, and as little affected by the occasional occurrence of a conspicuous name as the orbit of the earth round the sun by the motions of its inhabitants. Some slight superficial oscillation might perhaps be caused; but the centre of gravity of the whole system, so to speak, could not possibly be affected. A Napoleon or a Cæsar may be great names, but the philosopher will see that their apparent importance is only a symptom and not a cause of the great social changes that were due to some critical process at a special stage of development. It was a question whether the name of the French Emperor should or should not be Napoleon, but it was not a question whether mere military government should be the result of the ferment that was taking place. That was as inevitable as the conclusion of any chemical process. Mr. Mill has shown, what is indeed sufficiently evident, that this view of the insignificance of the units is by no means a necessary consequence of Mr. Buckle's primary doctrines. It would be equally clear that, were it correct, it would not in the least affect the question as to the influence of government upon human happiness. The appearance of an Emperor may be as much a result of fixed laws as the occurrence of an eclipse or of an earthquake; but that does not tell us whether he is to be as unimportant as the one, or to have as great and disastrous consequences as the other, of these natural phenomena. Whether history records the working of invariable laws or not is an exceedingly interesting question in its way, but its investigation would not help us to determine the mode of their operation, or to say, for example, whether a king was an important wheel in the mechanism, or merely an ornamental adjunct. There is, however, a natural tendency amongst persons who adopt this theory to look with a certain disgust upon the importance attributed to individuals. Obviously, when you have explained history entirely to your satisfaction, and have discovered, for example, that the commercial spirit is gradually becoming more and more predominant, it is very irritating to have a distinguished general crop up and set all the world fighting without the smallest regard to the interest of your theory. There is very little satisfaction in holding the abstract truth that human society forms no exception to the universality of the "reign of law," if you remain totally ignorant what its laws may be. Now, as we are notoriously ignorant of the causes by which great men are produced, we cannot admit that they produce a very great effect without admitting that the great problem of human history is beyond our powers of solution—an admission which is of course unspeakably annoying to philosophers; and they naturally prefer declaring that great men have very little influence, to admitting that an inscrutable phenomenon may upset all their calculations. If you can account for Mahomedanism without Mahomed, you may have a dozen theories to explain why it must have arisen at one particular epoch and produced certain definite results. In proportion as it is necessary to take Mahomed into account, you are landed in the unpleasant confession of ignorance of one of the great

moving forces of the world. In like manner it is more agreeable to many minds to take refuge in a kind of political fatalism, and to say that the separation of the American Colonies from England was inevitable within a few years, than to admit that it depended upon the chance of Lord North or Chatham being at the head of affairs, and so to let in an indefinite quantity of uncertain speculation. Indeed, we must confess that nothing is more troublesome than the favourite subject of some historical disputants—What would have happened, if something had happened previously which did not happen? It would be convenient to give in all cases the summary answer that it would have come to much the same thing in the end.

It would be impossible to discuss the value of the various theories which have given rise to these diverging lines of thought, especially as the only possible conclusion would be that we are not at present in a position to speak with any confidence on the subject. Both parties undoubtedly may help to call attention to some important truths. The doctrine that laws make little difference to the happiness of a people is, in the blank and positive mode of stating it, palpably absurd. It is about as wise as would be the doctrine that it is of no importance to have policemen, because it is only at rare intervals that a policeman has actively to interfere. Though we do not often come into direct contact with the laws, their consequences may modify every action of our lives. The popular commonplace on the subject just now is that people can't be made virtuous by Act of Parliament. It is fortunate that this should be true in a certain sense, as Acts of Parliament might frequently produce the contrary effect. But it is plain that few things have more influence upon the character of the people than the legislation to which they are subject. A bad tariff, or a bad Poor-law, or a bad land-law might have made a very great change in the condition of some of those happy peasants whose condition Goldsmith admired. Indeed, they did a good deal towards curing and causing certain evils by summary legislation some five-and-twenty years later. In fact, it would be truer to say that scarcely any law ever fails to exercise a distinct moral influence in one direction or the other. Of course, it follows that people who make laws can materially hasten or retard the national development. They may use up the resources of a country in an unnecessary war, or may do infinite mischief by jobbery or sheer stupidity. The only sense in which the maxim would hold would be that neither laws nor kings nor any other human agency is absolutely omnipotent. A king can't abolish tooth-ache or the cattle-plague, but he may do a great deal to alter the character of his subjects; and even the most rigid of necessitarian philosophers would admit that a single man may cause the death and misery of millions of his fellow-creatures by adopting an erroneous policy; which perhaps establishes a sufficient degree of responsibility for practical purposes. But probably there is more satisfaction in a general way in looking at the other side of the case. There is, after all, some sort of meaning in the familiar aphorism. There are a certain number of ills which are luckily beyond the power of kings and laws; and if we look back over a considerable period of history, we are chiefly struck with the steadiness with which certain moral and intellectual processes have been continued in spite of all superficial and more conspicuous changes; partly because kings and laws have been themselves influenced, and partly because many of the processes are incapable of being reached by any practicable legislation. Persecution may be successful where it is carried out with such stringency as fairly to suppress all intellectual activity; but when it stops short of that consummation, as it has luckily done for a considerable time, new ideas do gradually come to light by a more or less dilatory process, and even succeed in time in working themselves into practice. Public opinion, whatever that vague entity may be, does not as yet seem to have become omnipotent; nor has it succeeded in putting down everything that we are apt to describe as monuments of barbarism. Still there are a certain number of doctrines which have got themselves more or less recognised, or at any rate receive an apology when they are too glaringly broken; and there are some matters in which it is pretty well recognised that kings should keep their hands off their subjects' affairs. Goldsmith's other topic is perhaps more consolatory in substance—namely, that in whatever freaks human rulers may have indulged, the net result has not been so different as might have been expected; and that in most civilized countries, notwithstanding the wide divergency of their policy, there is a certain approximation in their ultimate condition. In other words, there are, as our philosopher would suggest, some social and intellectual agencies at work which practically do incomparably more to determine the condition of mankind than their political arrangements. Theoretically, it may be impossible to prove that legislators and rulers might not do an indefinite amount of mischief, but there is the practical comfort that after all we manage to survive their efforts indifferently well. We may flatter ourselves that a hundred years hence it will be all the same, or even a little better; which, it is true, is not much satisfaction to people who are suffering at the present moment.

GRIEVANCES.

UNDER all circumstances, political, social, or domestic, the possession of a grievance is very valuable. It is in the character of advocates, either of their own or of other people's grievances, that in peaceable times, and under a settled Government, men rise to distinction. There is no one point of statecraft

more necessary to rising politicians, or even to experienced politicians who wish to keep their places, than the art of discovering and advocating a popular grievance. And of course the more the Government of any State tends to become popular the more does the value of this art increase. Any one who will take the trouble to think over the career of our most noted recent politicians will see that, in the case of nearly all of them, the crisis of fortune turned upon the adroit seizure and manipulation of a popular grievance. One has advocated the grievance of consumers against producers; another, the grievance of unenfranchised masses; a third, the grievance of a party abandoned by its too intelligent and progressive leader; a fourth, the grievance of workmen against employers; a fifth, the grievance of oppressed nationalities; a sixth, the grievance of Dissenters; a seventh, of taxpayers. To come down to the present time, what has raised Miss Faithfull and Miss Becker above the dead level of their sex but their championship of grievances? What has distinguished the great Mr. Beales from among the ordinary herd of Masters of Arts but his special art of airing in Hyde Park the grievances of the London roughs? What but the adroit and seasonable revival of an old Irish grievance has made Mr. Gladstone virtually King of England since the beginning of 1869? And what but the help of a still more venerable grievance—the grievance of your neighbour using something which you don't want to use yourself—has enabled certain gentlemen from Birmingham, Stroud, and elsewhere to give the first shake to Mr. Gladstone's throne? But the virtue of a grievance is not limited to the sphere of politics. In almost every situation and circumstance of life it is a most valuable treasure, and one of the safest modes of procuring or enhancing influence and fame. The most popular poet of modern times would, under any circumstances, have been admired for his genius; but it was his social grievance which made him the idol of his day. In fact, if posthumous fame may be regarded as a *quid pro quo*, there is no limit to which a grievance may not be usefully pushed. What is there to distinguish Charles I. from the mass of selfish and stupid Stuarts except his consummate grievance of having been beheaded?

The art of manipulating grievances is one in which most Englishmen get a certain amount of practice, and which seems to come by nature to all Englishwomen. The rules of this art vary to a certain extent in the case of each of the three principal kinds of grievance—the political, the social, and the domestic; and it would, of course, be quite impossible within our present limits to describe all these varieties in detail. There are, however, certain general principles which are requisite to success in the manipulation of any kind of grievance, and a few of which it may not be uninteresting to note. These principles may be divided into two classes—those which apply to the getting, and those which apply to the using, of a grievance. The difficulty of getting a grievance is not generally a difficulty of invention, but of selection. There is seldom, either in the State, in society, or in the family, a real dearth of grievances. They do not generally require artificial culture, but are plentiful and spontaneous like blackberries and bluebottle flies. At the same time it would be a great mistake to suppose that grievances cannot, at a pinch, be manufactured or invented. The experienced grievance-monger is occasionally driven for want of a really eligible natural grievance to produce an artificial one. The application by the Dissenters, to the educational difficulty, of the cry of "concurrent endowment"—which, if not invented, has been fostered by Mr. Mill—is an excellent example of the purely artificial or non-spontaneous grievance, and one which seems likely to furnish a grand future to its advocates. But this, as will presently be shown, is not on account of its being artificial, but because it possesses certain other elements of success. As a general rule, grievances, like Topsy, are not raised, but grow; and those which have a natural origin are generally the best for use. The selection of a good grievance does not present much more difficulty than the selection of any other good thing. There are men who, like Mr. Gladstone, have something more than a taste for such selection; and women have almost always a gift that way. But ordinarily men become good judges of a grievance, as they do of a horse or picture, by practice and by attention to a few fundamental rules. One important rule to be observed in the selection of a grievance is never to choose one that can be easily remedied. A good grievance must not of course be obviously irremediable; but, short of that, it will be all the better the more difficult it is to remedy. The woman's rights grievance is, in this respect, almost a model of what a grievance should be. It is not instantly obvious, or at any rate it is not easy to state in a mixed society, why women can never be equal to men; but it is quite certain that it will take a long time to bring about such a consummation; consequently the lady advocates of equality have the prospect of a long course of profitable agitation before them. This ladies' grievance has another grand merit. It is many-sided. There is scarcely a political or social topic, from the question of remodelling the Constitution down to that of revising the cut of clothes, into which the woman's rights grievance cannot intrude. There is scarcely a point in government or society that can turn up without affording an opportunity to these champions of cantering their hobby. This quality of many-sidedness adds immensely to the value of a grievance, and is always carefully borne in mind by good judges when selecting one. The concurrent endowment grievance has the same merit. So long as anything shall be given to anybody, it is difficult to imagine a time or a set of circumstances which shall be unfavourable to the airing of this grievance.

A good selection of a grievance having been made, there arises the important question of working it to the greatest advantage. Many a well-selected grievance has broken down in the course of subsequent manipulation, and has failed to fulfil its early promise. Sometimes this failure has resulted from want of due economy. The proprietor of a good grievance should treat it as the possessor of a good fortune treats his wealth. He should live on interest, not on capital. In his anxiety to make the most of his grievance, he may, if he does not take care, have the misfortune to get it removed, and thus kill the goose that lays his golden eggs. There are very melancholy instances on record of men who have survived their grievances. What will become of Dissenting ministers when all the grievances wherewith they now so gaily shear their flocks are remedied; when the parson and Mr. Stiggins are required by law to toss up every Sunday morning which shall have the use of the church pulpit, and which of the platform of Little Bethel; when the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge have, like cemeteries, three chapels apiece, and all undergraduates are required to attend at each in turn; and when the Act of Succession has been altered so as to require every third reigning Sovereign to be a Protestant Dissenter? The brilliant successes of recent years must even now be sometimes shadowed by a fear of a dearth of grievances. Not that any such fear would be reasonable. The question of exhausting Dissenters' grievances is, like the question of exhausting the coal-measures, not one of our day or generation. Similar alarms have been felt before. Weak-kneed Nonconformists and sanguine Churchmen thought that the removal of the Church-rate and Burial grievances would be a heavy loss. The prospect of National Schools admitting a conscience clause was at one time appalling. But such fears have been proved to be groundless. New and equally good grievances have arisen, or have been manufactured, some of them more valuable than any that preceded. Of the concurrent endowment grievance, for example, it has already been remarked that it is almost impossible to limit its capacity for success. Still it is not given to all men or all parties to show such fertility of invention. It is only for a few that Providence prepares such tables in the wilderness. Dissenting ministers are perhaps the only class in the community that can both eat their cake and keep it. Ordinary mortals must not presume on such exceptional luck. They will do well, when they get a good grievance, to bear economy in mind, and not to squander it. One of the best ways of economizing a grievance is to make it intermittent. A good grievance, like good wine, if well preserved, is, within reasonable limits, not a bit the worse for keeping. On the contrary, it ripens and mellows. And it also resembles good wine in this respect, that there are seasons when it is, and seasons when it is not, expedient to bring it out. There is no more important part of the art of manipulating a grievance than that which consists in knowing when to display and when to hide it. A clever woman does not attempt to work her grievances against her husband when they are staying together at the house of his mother or sister; she waits till their turn comes to visit one of her own family, and then out come some of the well-known old complaints, that he is too silent, or too didactic, or has a very unpleasant way of arguing, or is less demonstrative, or more irreligious than he was ten years ago. And the old weapons are not found to be any the weaker for having been stored away for a season. To a good grievance, as to the Catholic Church, *nullum tempus occurrit*. Its rights and privileges do not lapse for want of user. When the next favourable opportunity occurs for reproducing it, we shall no doubt find this to be the case with the *Alabama* grievance.

It is from not apprehending the true nature and use of an English grievance that foreigners are so much amused by our national habit of stating our complaints in the newspapers. A Frenchman observes that the *Times* opens its columns to all sorts of grievances, private and public, foreign and domestic; and he has probably himself often heard an Englishman, when he is in trouble, when he has mistaken a railway regulation, or has been charged somewhat heavily for an unseasonable dish or a non-local wine, declare that he will write to the *Times*. He concludes that the *Times* is the Englishman's organ of redress for all sorts of grievances; and assuming naturally, though hastily, that the final cause of grievances is to be redressed, he marvels at the manners and customs of *outré mer*, and the simplicity of Mr. Bull. He marvels at a system which would attempt to make a daily journal the supreme arbiter in matters of political and social importance, and he marvels also that the Englishman should believe that by sending his grievances to the *Times* he obtains redress for them. He observes that as long as he can remember anything he can remember the same old grievances having been aired annually at the same season and in the same language. Every year he sees arise the police grievance, that policemen are not ubiquitous, that they blunder, that they miss the guilty and arrest the innocent; the overseer grievance, that parish officials lay the roads with huge stones; the school holidays grievance, that they are too long and too frequent; the servant grievance, their airs and their appetites—and he marvels that there should be so much cry and so little wool, so much pleading and so little redress. But if he understood the true use and value of a grievance his wonder would cease. The motive cause of the flaunting of all these grievances is not a desire for their removal, but a desire for the capital that is to be made out of them; and the letters consist mainly of two classes, those which are written to gratify the vanity of the writer, and those which are written to

fill the columns of the *Times*. Of course among the herd may be found a few simpletons who really write in good faith, with a vague notion that somehow or other the *Times* really can redress their grievances. But if any one feels inclined to belong to this class, and to believe that by writing to the *Times* he can get his house well guarded, make Metropolitan Boards do their duty, cut short the Eton holidays, and induce his servants to eat scraps, the only thing to be said is, let him try the experiment.

THE PARSON'S VIGIL.

FEW probably of the good people who listen so attentively to the vicar's sermon know much about its birth. Questions, indeed, suggest themselves here and there, as its sonorous periods roll overhead; the text sets us wondering why it was chosen, we dreamily guess at the causes which have led the preacher to his subject, an abrupt siding into another line of argument rouses us to a faint curiosity as to the influence which told on the breaks at that particular point; we hustle down the aisle in a little astonishment at the sudden and unlooked-for close. But questions cease to be interesting when they expect no answer, and the sermon is a mystery about which no answer can be got. An historian like Gibbon throws open his study door, and lets us see how men write history; a poet like Wordsworth explains at least a few of the ways in which men write poetry. But no preacher ever reveals how the parson writes sermons. Partly, no doubt, their silence arises from a consciousness that half the power of a sermon lies in the mystery of its origin; but it springs still more from the preacher's half-belief in his own inspiration. The Vicar of Bubble-cum-Squeak, who writes as hard as any penny-a-liner, would shiver with horror at the suggestion that his weekly discourse was in any sense literary work. The Boanerges of the proprietary chapel sits down at his study table with a proud contempt for authors who write for a livelihood. Without exactly defining his impressions, the preacher throws himself every week into a certain prophetic attitude, and dips his pen into the inkstand with the air of an apostle. All the surroundings of its composition favour his notion that the sermon is a thing set apart. To the outer world it is simply a puzzling, or perhaps somewhat of an amusing, thought that every Saturday sets a body of twenty thousand respectable, but not eminently intellectual, English gentlemen thinking. But to these gentlemen themselves there is something at once awful and encouraging in the fact that their work-day is other people's holiday, and that they are all thinking together. In most clerical homes, too, Saturday is arranged on the theory of inspiration. The house is hushed, the servant guards the door with a vigilant "not at home," stillness falls on the very nursery, organ-grinders are bribed into retirement, there is an air of subdued expectation on every face from the moment when the parson, absent and irritable, leaves the breakfast-table, to the moment when the tinkle of his study-bell summons the partner of his cares to listen to the "first reading." That after hours of silent gestation, of hallowed stillness, the result should to outsiders seem something not of earth is natural enough. But that it should seem so to the parson himself is a little odd. One parson indeed throws the theory overboard altogether. With the apostle of Muscular Christianity his Saturday's vigil is simply a struggle to be secular. He despises Concordances. He refuses to "stuff" his sermon with texts. He scorns theological phrases, and goes in for "Saxon English." He is good for nothing, he tells you, without a pipe, and the smoke of his meerschaum curls fitfully over his attacks on sectarianism and his eulogy of the village cricket-club. Sermons, he says, will never be of use till one can talk plain English and get plain English understood; and so he talks very plain English indeed about drains and the Poor-laws. His one vexation is that dreadful old woman in the aisle, who remembers nothing in his discourses but some little bit of religion that slipped in unawares. "It is very hard to keep it out, you know," he owns to the friend who drops in and discusses a tankard with him in the midst of his task. However, he does after a little practice manage to keep it out pretty well. To muscular preachers of this sort the Saturday is hardly a vigil, and the sermon is little save a bore. But muscular preachers are still exceptional, and with the bulk of the clergy the parson's vigil is a very serious thing indeed.

Perhaps the most serious of vigils is the first of them all, the vigil which precedes the curate's trial sermon before his bishop. The trial sermon is, no doubt, a very worthy effort on the part of modern prelates to raise the general tone of preaching in the Church, but a perverse ingenuity has turned it into the most exquisite of tortures. Night steals on the candidate for orders as he pores helplessly over the "simple parable" selected for his text. He has risen often enough in the college debate, he has thundered at the Union, but then the president was something different from "My Lord." Even an apostle would hardly have become a preacher if his first audience had been an audience of bishops. It is only when the inevitable morn sets him in the pulpit that he realizes the full horror of his position. Around him yawns the empty chapel; before him are the two calm figures of the bishop and his chaplain. "Go on," says the prelate, and the victim, plunging into a complicated sentence, is advised to "speak louder." He gathers a little confidence as he proceeds, he ventures on a metaphor, he attacks the Manichæans, and the chaplain "begs to remind" him that the poor among whom he is going know nothing

of Manichæans and don't understand metaphors. If he is bashful and diffident, the bishop wishes him to be a little more animated. If he is noisy and rhetorical, the chaplain requests him to be somewhat more subdued. Once a young Irishman thought himself safe with a formula very common in the sermons of his isle. "Every congregation," he began, "naturally divides itself into two classes, the converted and the unconverted." The bishop gently interrupted him. "Will you be kind enough," he said, with a sly glance at his chaplain, "to divide this congregation?" Nothing but sheer absence of mind enables the young candidate to defy his torturers. "Preach here as you would in an Indian bazaar," said a prelate sharply to a young missionary about to start for Bengal. "In a bazaar, my lord," replied the absent man, "my hearers would be Moslem and Hindoos. You shall be the Hindoo and your chaplain the Moslem. And now, my lord," he began, turning on the astonished prelate, "give me one single good reason for your infatuated worship of cows!" Torture, however, such as this is amply atoned for by the pride of the curate's first real sermon before his own congregation. He is full, or fancies he is full, of subjects to preach about. His appearance in the wood is that of a shy prophet who really has something to say. He wishes to be dignified and sinks into the statuesque. He is rapid in utterance, emphatic, enthusiastic. In the church indeed he has qualms and suspicions about his success, he is conscious that the churchwarden is asleep and that the deaf doctor lowers helplessly his ear-trumpet. But in his study he has no doubts, no hesitations. He magnifies his calling as he sits down to his sacred composition. Everything looms upon him through a haze of exaggeration. Little Fanny Brown's peep into the Methodist Chapel suggests a withering discourse upon schism. A terrible sermon upon reverence hushes the giggling of the servant girls in the gallery. Thunders burst from the pulpit on the sacrilegious head of Timothy Duckett, who has been caught throwing stones in the churchyard. The curate plunges into his Massillon, and pours forth a tide of sentimental eloquence over the birth of Farmer Tugg's new baby. He takes down his Bossuet and delivers a stately oration over the last defunct butcher. The congregation grumble to the vicar about the length of his neophyte's sermons, and the vicar smiles blandly back a whisper about "new brooms." Such a broom as this indeed soon gets worn out. Little by little he discovers that he is inaudible in the galleries and unintelligible to the "free seats." He becomes brief, bitter, sarcastic. At last he preaches his farewell sermon on "Let the dead bury their dead." "You have never understood me, and I have never cared to understand you, my brethren; but, never mind, I am going, and we shall see each other no more—let the dead bury their dead." So preached a young Levite once in our hearing to an unsympathetic congregation, and disappeared.

After all, such vigils are better than the vigils of the croquet curate. The sermon is the one thing that embitters this festive young life. Gay, volatile, chatty, he tears himself away from that charming lawn party at the Hall to find his *numérois quart d'heure*. He knows nothing, he never thinks, and even the most commonplace of discourses asks for a faint pretence of knowledge, a faint effort at thought. There is the impossibility of beginning his sermon. There is the remoter impossibility of ending it. The pen quivers in his idle fingers at the thought of the loud snore from the squire's corner, the rector's sneer, the quiet mockery of the girls who worship him in the croquet ground. But the fingers are still idle. He paces the room, he looks out of the window, he screws himself down again to his table, but nothing comes. There is nothing for it but cram, and to do him justice he crams in a large and unsectarian spirit. He ranges his authorities before him with a disdain of theological bias. A bit out of Keble jostles a bit out of Spurgeon, a page of Robertson follows a metaphor from Melville. The theology of the croquet curate is, as his rector kindly explains, "mosaic," but the mosaic is put together with an innocent artlessness. There is none of the graceful self-consciousness with which the extemporaneous prophet of the seaside weaves together his cento of quotations. Haydn wrote sonatas in court dress and ruffles, and the apostle of the "genteels" composes in the softest and most gorgeous of dressing-gowns. Before him is his commonplace book; around are a host of little volumes, in which he dips as a bee dips in flowers. The sentiment of George Sand, the sublimity of Jean Paul, the pathos of Little Nell, are all laid under contribution. Theological distinctions are as unknown to Mr. Honeyman as to the croquet curate, but he is too much a man of the world to borrow from familiar quarters. Old treatises of German mystics picked up on bookstalls along the Rhine, dusty Puritan diatribes, "golden extracts" from forgotten Fathers, lie side by side with the last discourse of Père Felix or the newest pamphlet of Colani. To weave these discordant materials into the bright, indistinct, but never tedious sermon of the Sunday, is the least task of the fashionable preacher. His mirror is before him, but the greater artists of his class need even more than a mirror. One of the most popular of London preachers is said to have furnished his library with a model pulpit, and to have studied the well-known wave of his jewelled hand, the pathetic droop, the winning gesture of irresistible appeal in the wood itself.

It is a terrible fall from this serene air to the vigil of the East-end parson, the wearier fag-end of a weary day. Thought is useless when it has long since broken on the baffled preacher that his people can't think. Enthusiasm is wasted on a congregation worn out with the week's work, and who are not to be routed out of their well-earned rest upon Sunday. Even the luxury of choosing

a subject is generally denied him; the schools are in debt, or the sick-fund behindhand, or the choir is discontented, or the people grumbling at the new pews, or the churchwardens clamorous for a church-collection. It is the least difficulty that his topics are threadbare; if his hearers are indifferent to great thoughts, they are keen upon little scandals; every warning becomes a personality, every moral an individual attack. The parson writes hopelessly, drearily, hedging, revising, remembering this seatholder's appearance at the Monday police-court in time to cut out a passage upon drunkenness, or that seatholder's bankruptcy just as he is denouncing speculation. He sighs for the rest of the æsthetic parson; his wide range over art and letters, his abolition of theology, his mazy wanderings through social philosophy, or politics, or science. It is his especial art to give freshness to themes that have lost it, to illustrate prayer by a charming explanation of volcanoes, or meditation by a lecture upon Wordsworth. A cloud-landscape from the Alps, a description of the new Michael Angelo, solve most of the moral problems that torment the age. The sensational preacher has no wish to solve them; he contents himself by firing crackers at them. He spends Saturday in concocting epigrams upon his hearthrug. His first art is the art of astonishment, his second the art of spontaneity. No little jokes are so exquisitely unprepared, no little stories so suddenly remembered. Mammás wonder whether he is "correct"; papas doubt his being orthodox; but nobody doubts the verdict of the daughters, that he is original. He amuses everybody but himself. Year by year to him, as to all, the vigil grows duller and duller. The æsthetic parson gets tired of his Rembrandts and cloud-landscapes. The working parson gets tired of parochial topics. The apostle of the genteels sickens at his own prettiness. The croquet curate drudges at his elegant extracts, till he finds it easier to buy his brooms ready-made. Even the muscular Christian gets bored with drains. Only one person escapes the universal yawn. The parson's wife never tires. To her the vigil is still a sacred source of inexhaustible interest. Year after year she listens as patiently, praises as warmly, amends and advises as gently and wisely as ever. The scorn of critics, the indifference of congregations, are forgotten as the parson pours the tide of his eloquence on that kindly shore. Rhetorical, verbose, dull, tedious to others, he is still Chrysostom to her. The worn-out simile, the trite argument, sound fresh and living even to himself as he looks on the absorbed, silent face which shares his vigil. It is in her that the Church finds its true friend. So long as she listens the parson will preach. And she will listen for ever.

MR. FROUDE'S FRESH EVIDENCE ABOUT ANNE BOLEYN.

II.

THE points in the case of Anne Boleyn which we left untouched in our former article on Mr. Froude's new evidence were precisely the most important of all. They were the nature of the ground on which her marriage with Henry was adjudged by Cranmer to have been null from the beginning, and the question of her guilt or innocence of the frightful charges which have been brought against her. On the conclusion to which we come on these two points depends our estimate of the twofold means by which Henry tried to get rid of her. We have seen that his reason for seeking to get rid of her was his despair of having male issue by her, combined with his growing passion for Jane Seymour. The means for compassing this object were found in a combined divorce and beheading. Was then the divorce good according to the ecclesiastical law? Was the beheading a righteous sentence according to the criminal law?

Let us begin with the divorce. The evidence of Chapuys, whatever degree of value we set upon it, goes altogether in favour of the belief that the ground on which Cranmer pronounced the marriage of Henry and Anne to have been void from the beginning was the earlier connexion of Henry with her elder sister Mary. According to the old canon law, which held that affinity was contracted by unlawful as well as lawful unions, such a connexion, if it could be proved, would undoubtedly make Anne's marriage invalid. She would be to Henry in the position of a wife's sister. Mr. Froude, when he wrote the second volume of his history, seems to have thought this version of no importance at all. We cannot find that in the course of his narrative he makes any mention of it. But at the end of his fourth volume, published two years later, he devoted a long note to the version of the story which appeared in Pole's book on the Unity of the Church. We need hardly say that Mr. Froude's judgment goes against this explanation. Four years ago the matter was fully discussed in an article in this Review*, in which we brought what we then thought, and still think, conclusive evidence in favour of the Mary Boleyn story. Now that Chapuys' evidence comes in confirmation of the passages which we there quoted, Mr. Froude appears to be a good deal shaken, and he now seems content to leave the matter doubtful.

There are two letters from Chapuys to Granvelle bearing on the matter which are quoted by Mr. Froude. In the first he mentions the story of Mary Boleyn as only one report among several. One story was, that "the Archbishop of Canterbury declared and formally pronounced the daughter of the concubine to be Master

Norris's bastard, and not the daughter of the King." This, we need hardly say, would by the canon law be no ground for *divortium a vinculo matrimonii*, whatever ground it might be for cutting off the offending Queen's head. He also adds some strange rumours as to doctrines taught by "these new Bishops" on matrimonial questions, which are not particularly edifying, and which do not bear on the legal aspect of the case. In the second letter Chapuys is much more explicit. He tells us what was the ground taken for the divorce, and what was not. He contradicts the rumour that Elizabeth had been formally declared to be Norris's daughter. He says that the ground was not the marriage or precontract of Anne with another man—meaning, of course, the Earl of Northumberland—"et puisque aussy le vouloient faire, le pretexte eust este plus honneste d'alleguer qu'elle avoit este mariée a autre encores vivant", but it was because of Henry's earlier connexion with her sister ("à cause qu'il avoit cogné charnellement la sœur de la dicte concubine"). This, and this alone, is now asserted by Chapuys to be the ground for the divorce. He is naturally amazed at such a ground being taken, a ground discredited to the King in a twofold way; "mais Dieu a voulu decouvrir plus grande abhominacion qu'est plus que inexcusable, attendu qu'il ne peut alleguer ignorance neque juris neque facti. Dieu veuille que telle soit la fin de toutes ses folies."

Now Mr. Froude has a perfect right to say, "It does not appear from what source Chapuys derived his information, or why his version should be more accurate than the chronicler's"—a contemporary writer, whose account is about to be published by the Camden Society, and who says that the ground for Anne's divorce was "a privy contract that she had made to the Earl of Northumberland before the King's time." It is of course equally easy to ask from what source the chronicler derived his information, and why his version should be more accurate than Chapuys'. There are in short two contemporary accounts to be weighed against one other. The chronicle of course stands at a disadvantage till either it is published or till we get some fuller information about it than Mr. Froude gives us. But there are one or two points in favour of Chapuys; the words of his last letter are the deliberate words of a man who had plainly looked into the matter; in his first letter he mentions several current rumours; in his second letter he says that one of those rumours is true and the others false. This is a sort of evidence which always has a special weight. And there is another argument from the internal probability of the case. Why were the whole proceedings about the divorce in the Archbishop's Court, in Parliament, and everywhere else, kept so strangely secret? It was publicly announced that Anne had confessed an impediment. It was never publicly announced what that impediment was. If it had been merely a precontract—or, as some said, an actual marriage—with the Earl of Northumberland, there could have been no reason for keeping the matter secret. Such an impediment would not have been of necessity discreditable to the King. He might have been, according to the legal distinction which lurks in one of Chapuys' allusions, ignorant of the fact. This secrecy seems of itself almost enough to prove that the impediment was something specially discreditable, some "grande abhominacion" as Chapuys calls it, in which no ignorance either of fact or of law could be pleaded on the King's part.

The only objection that occurs to us is the phrase that Anne confessed an impediment, an expression which, it is said, could not have been used with regard to the particular impediment, which would call for confession on Henry's part rather than Anne's. But we do not know what Anne's words were. The word "confessed" might have purposely been used as a blind, and after all there would be a confession of a certain kind on Anne's part, if she acknowledged the invalidity of her marriage and made no opposition to the divorce.

The other arguments in favour of the Mary Boleyn theory were stated by us in our former article. Mr. Froude now glances at them somewhat slightly. There is the story of Sir George Throgmorton's speech, and the answers of the King and Cromwell, which, if they were ever made, clearly implied that, though the King had not "meddled" with the mother, he had with the sister. This story was also discussed at large by Mr. Froude in the Appendix to his fourth volume; but we really think, as we thought in 1866, that the fact "that the King made Throgmorton retract what he had said was quite unimportant to the argument." His assertion in the first instance is clearly worth a great deal more than his retraction under *duress*.

With regard to the draft dispensation sketched in 1527, Mr. Froude is now a good deal less positive than he was twelve years ago. It was then in his eyes an argument which fell to nothing, and he added a general remark which pretty well upsets the whole theory on which his history is founded:—"Persons who have the most trifling acquaintance with legal documents know how little they may draw inferences of fact from a verbose and voluminous phraseology." Mr. Froude now allows that the expressions in that document are "remarkable," and the utmost he ventures to say is that "the balance of probability is the other way." He takes no notice of our former remarks, which surely have some bearing on the matter—namely, that this is not an ordinary case of "legal documents being made as broad as possible to cover all questions which might afterwards be raised." The document is a special one, and stands by itself. It was drawn up in England for Henry's own purposes, and its language is unlike that of any known Papal dispensation. It is a form specially devised to suit the case of a man who wished to marry the sister of his former mistress.

This sort of reasoning is surely not set aside by saying that

* Saturday Review, March 10, 1866.

Henry's effrontery in making such a request to the Pope would have been incredible. We believe that Henry's effrontery stuck at nothing which could anyhow be compassed under form of law. Nor is there any such real inconsistency in the matter as Mr. Froude seems to think. Henry's conscience professed to be troubled at a marriage with his brother's wife. At the same time he wished to marry the sister of his former mistress; that is, he wished to marry one who, according to the canon law, stood in the same degree of affinity to himself as she whom he wished to get rid of. Henry's case was that the Pope could not grant a dispensation for him to marry his sister-in-law Katharine. He now, we are told, inconsistently asks him to give him what would practically be a dispensation to marry his sister-in-law Anne. But after all the two cases are not the same. Henry's original case was that the Pope could dispense with the laws of man, but not with the laws of God; that marriage with a brother's wife was against the law of God, and that therefore the Pope could not grant a dispensation for it. But it could not be argued that there was any direct precept in the law of God forbidding a man to marry the sister of his mistress. That prohibition was a mere inference of the canon law, part of that law of man with which the Pope might dispense. That this distinction was present to Henry's mind is plain from Cranmer's way of stating Henry's case in the unprinted document which we quoted in our article of 1866. The doctrine there set forth is not unlikely to have been one of those doctrines of "these new Bishops" at which we have already seen Chapuys so scandalized. In that document Cranmer distinctly teaches that that kind of affinity which was held to be contracted by unlawful intercourse was a matter of merely human institution. This doctrine, true or false, was utterly irrelevant to his argument, except on the supposition that Henry wanted an excuse to marry some one who stood to him in an affinity of that particular kind.

There is less to say about the beheading than there is about the divorce. Nevertheless one or two points of some importance come out in Chapuys' letters. Mr. Froude in his second volume made a prodigious flourish of trumpets about the improbability of the Earl of Northumberland, the Duke of Norfolk, and certain other people being concerned in any such business as the trials of Anne and her supposed accomplices must have been if they were innocent. Our faith in the verdict of Tudor Courts is less strong than Mr. Froude's—a faith which in his early and hopeful days swallowed the judicial murders of More, Fisher, and Whiting. He now seems a good deal less positive on these matters, and we now get no more exclamations about the improbability of the hero of Flodden joining in an unjust condemnation of his own niece. It now comes out from Chapuys' letters that Anne had given deep offence both to the peers in general, and especially to her uncle and her old lover. Northumberland was after all overcome and left the Court. Norfolk stayed to pronounce sentence. It never seemed to us impossible that that sentence was unjust, even though the man who pronounced it had "won his spurs at Flodden." The impossibility seems to us still less, now we know that it was pronounced by a man who was actually at enmity with the prisoner.

As for the nature of the evidence on which Anne and her fellow-sufferers were condemned, it has always been known that, if there was any evidence, that evidence has not been preserved. All that Mr. Froude could do for his friends in 1856 was to argue that there must have been evidence, quite enough evidence; otherwise a jury and twenty-seven peers, one of whom had won his spurs at Flodden, would never have condemned them. Unluckily we know well enough from other cases what sort of evidence was thought enough to condemn a man in days when it was held to be for the King's honour that every one whom he accused should be convicted. Mr. Froude allows that in Chapuys' letters we have the fullest of the contemporary accounts of the trials, and from those letters we know that there was, in Chapuys' opinion, no evidence at all. Smeaton—the "varlet," as Chapuys calls him—as we all know, confessed. "The rest were condemned on presumption and certain indications, *without proof or valid confession* (par presumption et aucuns indices sans preuve ny confession valide)." We are left to the probabilities of the case, and to what we can make out of the confession of Smeaton and the dying words of the other accused persons. Those dying words are neither confessions nor denials in any strict sense. They talk in a vague way about having deserved death and the like, but they neither directly confess nor directly deny the particular crime with which they were charged. This, we think, has been well explained by Dr. Lingard. As it was for the King's honour that those who were accused should be convicted, it was also for the King's honour that those who were convicted should not deny the justice of their sentence. It was probably on this condition that they were allowed to speak any last words at all. If any had tried to speak in violation of those conditions it could only have led to an unseemly struggle which most men would wish to avoid in their last moments. As for the confession of Smeaton, the explanation probably is that up to the last he hoped that, if he confessed, he would be spared.

We could still wish that we had fuller accounts of the trial, that we knew what the presumptions and indications spoken of by Chapuys were. Still Chapuys' deliberate assertion that there was no valid proof or confession is of great importance. It is the judgment of a man who bitterly hated Anne Boleyn, who never speaks of her but by a name of reproach, and who was willing to believe her guilty of any crime. He is writing to his master the

Emperor, to whom he had no possible motive to speak anything but his real belief. His statement amounts to this. Smeaton confessed; against Norris, Weston, and Bereton there were presumptions, but no valid proof; against Anne herself and Lord Rochford no witnesses were brought. It is true that it was usual in trials of that age not to bring witnesses, in our sense of the word, but only depositions. But when Chapuys says that "no witnesses were produced, either against him or against her, as is the custom when the prisoner denies the crime of which he is accused," we can only understand him to mean that not even depositions were produced. He tells us also that "there are few persons who do not murmur at and consider most strange the forms which have been observed in the process and condemnation of the others." This is not his opinion, but the opinion of the English public; the trial must have been a mockery of justice even more flagrant than what men were used to in those days. Chapuys tells us that after Rochford was accused "he replied to all so well that many persons present were ready to bet ten to one that he would be acquitted." When we remember how rare an acquittal was in those days this speaks a great deal. The facts are plain. Anne and her brother were condemned without a shadow of evidence. They were indicted; it was therefore for the King's honour that they should be convicted; and the twenty-seven peers, including the veteran who had won his spurs at Flodden, did what was for the King's honour.

Of the public opinion of the time Chapuys thus speaks:—

The King is variously spoken of, nor will people be more appeased when they know what has passed and is passing between him and Mistress Jane Seymour. It is remarked already that the King, though he has received so great an injury, has been in the highest spirits since the harlot's arrest. He goes continually with ladies to banquets at this place and that. Sometimes he remains till past midnight, returning by the river. He is accompanied the greater part of the time with musical instruments, and with the singers of his privy chamber. Men interpret it as meaning that he is delighted at being quit of his lean old wicked baggage, with hope of a fresh start.

Mr. Froude deserves credit for the zeal with which he has sought out Chapuys' evidence, and for the candour with which he has published evidence which goes so far to upset his own former story. He has, in short, brought the hatchet to his own argument. He once told us, "It has been no pleasure to me to rake among the evil memories of the past to prove a human being sinful whom the world has ruled to have been innocent." By this time perhaps he feels that the unpleasant process has been also a needless one. And he may even have begun to doubt whether it has been with perfect success that he has worked so hard to prove another human being innocent whom the world has ruled to have been sinful.

THE VATICAN DRAMA PLAYED OUT.

THE *Ludibrium Vaticanum* has reached its natural conclusion. On some important points indeed we are still in doubt. The telegram which announces that the infallibilist *Schema* was carried on Monday last in Solemn Session, by 533 votes, tells less almost than it leaves untold. It does not explain how the numbers were raised from the 450 of the previous General Congregation to 533, nor who are the two brave dissentients, "faithful among the faithless only found," who held out to the last. Probably we shall not be far wrong in assuming Strossmayer to have been one of them, unless he had already left Rome, as one account states. As regards the numbers, it is clear that the Opposition cannot have deserted *en masse* to the majority, or there would be at least 600 instead of 533—for the *non placets* and conditional *placets* amounted together to 150—without allowing for any accession of fresh votes; and some accounts speak of 50, others of 80, or even 90, who abstained from voting at all on the first occasion. An intermediate telegram had informed us that the Court party were whipping up all the stragglers they could lay their hands on, to swell the final solemnity. The natural explanation therefore seems to be that the additional 83 *placets* are made up by the desertion of some, or perhaps most, of the conditional votes, reinforced by the vigorous action of the Government whip. But what of the 83 *non placets*? It is possible that further information may have come to hand before these lines are in the hands of our readers. All that can at present be conjectured is that they resolved at the last moment to abstain from voting altogether—a policy which would have been alike dignified and consistent had it been adopted three months ago, before the Easter Session of the Council, but which looks now very like deserting their colours at the crisis of the strife. And it suggests the further question, whether they mean to submit, or, as they have hitherto professed, to treat the decree as a nullity, and refuse to carry it out in their dioceses.

That the prelates of the minority should have thought it prudent to leave Rome before the Solemn Session would not be at all surprising. For it was generally rumoured there three weeks ago that, when once the definition was made, no bishop of the minority would be allowed to depart without signing his recantation, and a stringent order had then already been issued forbidding them to leave unless in case of severe illness. Many of them had accordingly applied to the ambassadors of their respective Governments for protection against this extraordinary stretch of tyranny. But on infallibilist principles the Pope has a perfect right to act in the manner indicated. By Papal decrees again and again repeated, every cleric, of whatever rank and whatever nation, is subject in body as well as soul to his liege lord and master, the

Pope. And the rumour of His Holiness's benevolent intentions is strongly confirmed by the statement of the *Vatican* last week, that the stenographic reports of the speeches in Council were being carefully prepared for his inspection, and that all the bishops who had uttered "false doctrine"—in other words, had spoken against the definition—would be called upon to retract as a condition of retaining their sees. Some French and American prelates, it was added, had already had an intimation given them on the subject. We can well believe it, though a more conspicuous illustration of the grotesque unreality of the whole procedure could hardly be conceived. Here are the bishops of the Catholic world summoned to Rome from every quarter of the globe professedly to sit in Council as "judges of faith," and deliberate on one of the most momentous questions that could be brought before such an assembly, lying indeed, by the admission of both contending parties, at the very root of all belief in Christian revelation. They come together to deliberate—under great difficulties indeed, and under a system of moral coercion which makes it almost heroic to take any side but one—and then, when the debate is over, all the bishops who have taken the other side are quietly told that they must recant, or be deprived of their offices, and that "it is surprising the minority did not comprehend how much advantage it would have derived in this respect from silence." The venerable "judges of faith" are treated like a pack of naughty schoolboys, who have been abusing their master behind his back, and must retract and apologize, or be flogged and expelled. This is no exaggeration, and we can only say that if such men as Darboy and Dupanloup, Rauscher, Schwarzenberg, and Kenrick—not to mention many more—submit to such outrageous indignities, it will be something surprising. On the other hand, if they mean to adhere to their resolution of protesting against the validity of the Council and resisting its decrees, they have no time to lose. And certainly the common sympathy and common sense of the civilized world will be with them. Several months before the Council met, a keen observer had remarked that "whatever course it may take, one quality can never be predicated of it—namely, that it has been a really free Council." And an English Opposition bishop is reported to have said the other day that the entire absence of freedom would deprive its decrees, whatever they might be, of all binding force over the conscience. As to the fact there can be no doubt whatever. All trustworthy testimony, public and private, combines to prove that intrigues, intimidation, bribery direct and indirect, and all the most discreditable machinery of a contested election, have been the order of the day at Rome for the last seven months. The French bishops at Trent, as Ranke tells us, used to sneer with more reason than reverence at "the Holy Ghost arriving from Rome in a mail-bag." To judge from the startling revelations in *Ce qui se passe au Concile*, the *Letters of Quirinus*, and letters of French bishops which have appeared in the *Constitutionnel* and the *Times*, still worse things might be said with equal reason now. Our readers may remember the emphatic declaration of the last-named prelate, "Where there is no liberty, there is no authority."

Meanwhile, whatever be the explanation of the attendant circumstances, and whatever may be the ultimate results, Papal infallibility, with all its tremendous consequences, has become for the nonce a dogma of the Catholic Church, so far as the decree of the Pope himself, backed up by the obsequious or venal votes of more than half the bishops in his communion, can make it so. On all that is implied in that dogma, which at once stamps with infallible truth every official decree of every former Pope, we have more than once before now had occasion to dwell, and it may suffice to observe here, that whoever can swallow all that cartload of infallible utterances—contradictory, shocking, or absurd as many of them are—must have something more than an ostrich stomach. So little, however, does the prospect alarm the advocates of infallibilism, that they are eagerly anticipating a far richer and more abundant outpouring of infallible judgments in the future. A pamphlet has lately appeared from the pen of the Jesuit, Father Gallwey, who longs, though he scarcely ventures to hope, for "the time when we might expect some new definition every morning," and suggests with exquisite naïveté that "such daily pronouncements, so far from being an evil, would be like the daily provision of manna." As "the daily provision of manna" was intended to replace what had been consumed on the previous day, this happy simile seems to imply that yesterday's dogma may be dispensed with when we have got today's in its place, and for the old formula *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, we may substitute henceforth *Quod nunquam, quod nusquam, quod a nemine*. The world will find the latest news from heaven as well as the latest earthly news lying every morning on the breakfast-table in Reuter's telegrams in the *Times*. To be sure, Catholics who up to Monday, July 18, 1870, never believed this strange dogma, may be rather perplexed at being told that henceforth they are bound to accept it, on pain of everlasting perdition, as the very foundation of their Christian faith. But here again, in that very perplexity the infallibilist champions find a conclusive reason for the definition. The *Dublin Review*, in noticing two recent Catholic publications already referred to in this article, observes with an audacity which leaves nothing to be desired, that, as "both these volumes are written by persons who sincerely believe themselves Catholics in faith, the absolute necessity of a definition on the Pope's authority in teaching" is conclusively proved. In other words, the fact that sincere Catholics still reject the

new dogma, as it has been rejected for the last eighteen centuries, "conclusively proves," not that it is no Catholic dogma, but that its rejection must be anathematized. A precisely similar comment is made on Dr. Case's sermon, noticed some weeks ago in our columns:—"If a Catholic priest can so express himself"—namely, by stating the very common opinion of theologians that universal reception is a necessary test of an Ecumenical Council—"it is of very urgent necessity that some definition on infallibility should be speedily put forth." That is to say, the fact that for eighteen centuries a question has been always treated by theologians as an open one shows the "very urgent necessity" of closing it in the nineteenth. Father Gallwey may take courage. If the Pope accepts the principles of the *Dublin Review*, there will evidently be an urgent necessity for "some new definition every morning," till every question on which there are two opinions has been decided. We say advisedly every question, and not every theological question only; for the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the Pope's accredited organ, is quoted by the *Dublin Review* as saying that to confine infallibility to matters of revealed truth is a Jansenist heresy, and that (the italics are not ours) "there can be very few branches of truth which have not some connexion with revealed dogma," and on which, therefore, the Pope is not infallible. We may add, that this same number of the *Dublin Review* contains a Papal Brief addressed to the editor, "dilecto filio Georgio Ward," and couched in the usual tone of bombastic and fulsome adulation adopted by Pius IX. towards all champions of "the Divine authority, prerogatives, and rights of the supreme pastor," wherein Dr. Ward is entreated "to go on as he has begun, actively fighting the battles of the Lord, that he may lead men into the way of truth and prepare for himself a more splendid weight of eternal glory." By the way, if we might venture on one little criticism—as the *Dublin Review* has not yet itself become infallible—we are a little puzzled at finding two infallibilist writers, Father Knox and Father Paul Bottalla, who are praised in successive notices, credited not only with writing "admirable" works, but with writing each of them the best work that has appeared on the subject. Father Bottalla's book is "indubitably the ablest and most complete defence of Pontifical infallibility which has appeared in any part of the Church," and Father Knox's pamphlet is "the most complete and orthodox exposition of the Church's integral doctrine on infallibility which has appeared in any part of Christendom." We have heard of people all whose geese are swans; but happy indeed must be the doctrine, all whose champions are not only admirable, but better than all the rest. Only one would have supposed the doctrine, or its champions, came from the Emerald Isle.

On the definition itself we shall have further opportunities of dwelling when we know more about its precise form, which appears to have been somewhat modified from the original draught, much to the Pope's annoyance, and without gaining over opponents. If we have seemed to speak lightly, and if it is impossible not to be aware of a ludicrous side to the strange "burlesque," as a member of the Council has termed it, just played out at Rome, we are far from being unmindful that a decree, however irrational in itself, and however discredited by its circumstances, can be no laughing matter when it must in some way or other affect the belief or conduct of more than half the Christian world. For once Ultramontanes and ultra-Protestants are agreed, and the rapturous delight of the Roman Curia and its organs will be re-echoed by Exeter Hall. A Dissenting preacher whose lectures are before us corrects Dr. Newman's fears by observing that, if the dogma is defined, "then is it God's will to hasten (not 'throw back') the times and moments of that triumph which He has destined for His kingdom." It certainly needs no gift of prophecy to understand that a greater blow has been dealt, not only to the authority of Rome, but to all dogmatic belief, than any since Luther raised the standard of revolt against the Papacy. Only this time the challenge to Catholic believers to examine the soundness of their faith comes from Rome herself, and not from rebels against her rule. The Petition of the Opposition prelates last March against the regulations for hampering the Council expressed the fear that "its authority would be shaken with the Christian public, as wanting in liberty and truth," and even bishops were heard to say that they felt "the artifices, deceptions, and methods of intimidation employed to gain votes, in a Council calling itself Ecumenical, severe temptations against faith." If that was the feeling of bishops in the Council, what will the lay world without think of the result? If these things are done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? At the same time it is clear, as was said months ago, that the definition will be only "the end of the beginning." The real contest will have to be fought out in every country, not to say every diocese, of Roman Catholic Christendom.

THE CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACT.

THERE are few domestic incidents more astonishing than the opposition which has arisen to the Contagious Diseases Act. It might have been antecedently supposed that here at least was an undeniable evil, which the machinery of these Acts would mitigate, if not cure. A woman is, or is believed to be, affected with a contagious disease, and she is required to put herself in the way of cure. If she has the disease, good is done; and if she has it not, no harm is done. It is not necessary to believe all the

reports of zealous chaplains who inform us that women have seen the error of their ways during their residence in hospital, but perhaps we may believe some of them. The impression made upon a woman's mind in illness is only too likely to depart when she is restored to health, but she will have learned at any rate something which she will probably remember when she is ill again. One opponent of the Act says that men ought to be examined as well as women; and so they are. The soldiers and sailors, for whose protection this Act was passed, are periodically examined; but although a man may be sound one day he may catch disease the next. The same speaker says that Parliament ought to seek to extinguish the evil, and not to regulate it. But he does not tell us how this is to be done. The soldiers and sailors are necessarily collected at certain places, where special sanitary regulations are imperatively required. If the condition of Portsmouth or Windsor before this Act passed was not a sufficient proof of its necessity, all argument would be thrown away. But a time may soon come when soldiers and sailors will be so valuable that even the opponents of this Act will be convinced of its utility.

The speech delivered by Dr. Playfair in the House of Commons, of which the substance has been reported, contains statements which, unless they can be contradicted, are unanswerable. He shows that the number of cases of disease in the army has decreased where the Act has been applied, and also that the virulence of the disease has been mitigated. It seems wonderful that there should be what is called a religious argument, which Dr. Playfair felt called upon to answer. The authors of that argument seem to forget that "there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers." If it is impossible to enforce chastity, it is prudent to provide against contagion. If there be any question, which we do not think there is, as to the substantial accuracy of Dr. Playfair's statements, they can be tested by a Commission. But, in truth, every man's common sense must tell him, if he will listen to it, that the enforcement of this Act tends to the mitigation of disease. The indignant matrons who clamour against the Act object, as we understand, to any diminution of the penalties of celibacy. It will be time enough to consider the value of this objection when a proposal is made for applying the Act generally. At present it is only applied for the protection of soldiers and sailors, of whom the mass are necessarily celibates. Whatever can be said or done to promote morality in the services can be said or done equally well although this Act remains in force. It is rather hard upon a Government whose strong point is economy to be urged by its own supporters to repeal an Act which is undeniably economical. But Mr. Jacob Bright is smitten with the frenzy of the ladies whom, on this and other matters, he represents in the House of Commons. We wish that he or his allies would inform us what they expect to be the consequences of success, if they should succeed. Perhaps they would undertake to raise a couple of regiments of Amazons to supply the inevitable deduction from the strength of the British army which would be caused by the repeal of this Act. As these strong-minded ladies claim to share the other privileges of men, let them by all means do a little of the fighting. It is to be observed that any improvement in the moral feeling of the army must be gradual, while the mischief of a repeal of the Act would be immediate. We confine ourselves for the present to contending that the army, and also the navy, would suffer in efficiency if Aldershot and Portsmouth were allowed to return to the condition in which they used to be. But Mr. Jacob Bright takes a larger view of the subject than we are prepared to do. He says that the promoters of the Act desire to expend public money "to protect British husbands in the commission of adultery." We should like to know how that is to be done. There are several ladies among Mr. Jacob Bright's supporters against whose anger we should think that all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men could not protect an offending husband. The entire British army—cavalry, infantry, and artillery—in the highest state of discipline and efficiency, would not suffice to mitigate the severity of the curtain-lecture which would follow an aberration from the path of conjugal fidelity. It would be worth while, however, for Mr. Jacob Bright to consider, if the ladies will allow him, that the protection of the Act would apply to wives, and even to children, as well as to husbands. He cannot surely mean to express on behalf of a wife such an absurd wish as that her husband should be punished for infidelity by contagious disease. Even if the ladies who denounce the Act held a public meeting and passed a resolution to that effect we would not believe them. We should only think that they were for the moment out of temper. Suppose that there is any well-founded objection to the compulsory portion of the Act, there still remains the provision which it makes for treatment of disease in hospital. Are we to understand that Mr. Jacob Bright wishes to prevent this treatment, in order that husbands may be more certainly punished for infidelity? The expenditure of public money on certain hospitals is more than repaid by the increased efficiency of regiments and ships' crews. Surely if this fact is established, it sufficiently justifies the expenditure. But it happens that by the same expenditure a number of wretched women are restored to health. We should have thought that every man and woman in England would rejoice at that result.

The extension of this Act to London would, however, be involved in serious difficulties. It would be necessary to determine more clearly than has yet been done, on what principle the treatment of prostitutes, whether diseased or healthy, is to proceed. It

has been said a thousand times that the present condition of our streets is disgraceful. But the police could not do much more than they do without enlarged powers. The lady friends of Mr. Jacob Bright object to the interference of the police with diseased prostitutes. Are we to understand that they would allow the police to interfere with prostitutes without reference to disease? One of the complaints against the Act is that women have been arrested under it on suspicion derived from manner and appearance only. Mr. Jacob Bright is instructed to inform the House of Commons, on the authority of a Committee of ladies, that the manners of prostitutes are sometimes undistinguishable from those of modest women, and perhaps this is true. Whether prostitution imitates modesty, or *vice versa*, we are not informed. It would appear that the virtue of husbands would be more safe if they did not meet prostitutes in the streets; but, on the other hand, husbands whose virtue fails are in greater danger of punishment if the prostitutes whom they meet are diseased. We wonder whether, if a Bill were brought in to give the police power to moderate the indecency of Coventry Street and the north side of Leicester Square, Mr. Jacob Bright would be instructed to oppose it. The police, under the present law, are obliged to wait until a woman speaks to a man, and cannot proceed upon her merely looking at him. If they attempted to act upon the evidences of manner, they would be doing what is complained against at Portsmouth. It is undeniable that the police, in the exercise of increased powers, would be liable to make some mistakes which would have disagreeable consequences; but, on the other hand, the existing condition of London is disgraceful, and it might be at least externally improved. The present administration of the law is capricious and uncertain in the hands of men, and if women are going to interfere with it, the whole matter will be at sea. The general effect of the existing system is to tolerate and rather encourage genteel vice, and to repress only that which is coarse and vulgar. It is evident that the proposal to cherish contagious disease for the punishment of husbands is applicable only to the poorer class of husbands, and not to all husbands alike. So that Mr. Jacob Bright and his allies are really endeavouring to keep from the artisan a protection which is enjoyed by the merchant and the lawyer. Our own conclusion from the discussion of this subject is that hospitals for the reception of diseased women are urgently required in London. There need be no recommendation for admittance, as the woman's condition speaks for itself. All men whose wives will permit them ought to subscribe to the maintenance of such hospitals for several reasons which appear to us unanswerable. In the first place, the experience gained under the Act shows that the virulence of disease may be largely mitigated. Our civil population suffers as well as our army and navy in efficiency for work by contact with diseased women. The nation cannot afford to waste its strength, and, therefore, as a simple matter of economy, the men ought to make this provision, and let Mr. Jacob Bright and his allies clamour as they please. Then, again, every man must feel, whatever his own course of life has been, that men in general ought to do what they can to give women a possibility of restoration to bodily and mental health. There can surely be no condition more pitiable than that of a young girl from the country, or perhaps from the Continent, who falls ill in London, and knows not where to turn for help. One of the greatest marvels of this subject is the unquestionable fact that married people send, or at least allow, their daughters to come to London, as if to avail themselves of a good opening in life. They will leave a daughter to herself as long as she is well, and, as they think, flourishing; but if she falls ill, they will try to help her, although perhaps they have not the means to help effectually. If a girl thus situated is admitted into a hospital and cured, she will certainly make good resolutions during her illness, and she will probably break them when she is restored to health. We prefer to assume that she will return to her old life as long as her girlish passion for dress and admiration remains unsatisfied. But even on this assumption we would still keep open a hospital for her reception. The cheapest thing to do when men or women are ill is to get them well. Many social difficulties would be mitigated by acting upon that simple rule. We cannot carry out all the recommendations of sanitary science, but we can carry out this particular recommendation, and we shall be inexpressibly foolish if we do not do so. The agitation against this Act is the most irrational movement that was ever organized.

THE WORKING MEN'S EXHIBITION.

THE recurrence of Industrial Exhibitions is easily accounted for. It is difficult to bridge over the decennial space which has been assigned to the Hyde Park and Brompton shows with profitable employment for all the staff of officials who live by these great bazaars. Just as, at the Universities, Moderations and Little-Goes are intercalated between final examinations, so Working Men's Exhibitions dot over the period between World's Fairs. We have no cause to find fault with this beneficent provision for providing salaries for officials, or for supplying small waste-pipes for the enthusiasm of those who are always telling us that the best peace-maker is a competition between French, English, and German producers of pots and pans. Another Exhibition was "inaugurated" last Saturday at Islington, and we can conscientiously state that the proprietors of the Agricultural Hall are to

be congratulated on tenants who are more solvent than the Spanish bull-fighters, and less noisy than the promoters of a Dog Show. The proceedings were rather flat. Neither the Queen nor Mr. Gladstone was present, but the Prince of Wales was, and delivered the little speech which was composed for him—and very remarkable it was for its emptiness—in a becoming way. The Hundredth Psalm was sung, and Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played, for what reasons it would be hard to say, for we suppose that neither the inhabitants of Islington nor its courtly visitors required to be reminded of the claims of religion and the married state, especially in connexion with steam engines, modern majolica, and a "pair of Oxonian shoes made of sheet brass."

The general verdict which has been passed upon the Show is that it is an interesting one, but that it does not fulfil the purpose which it proposes to itself. Interesting it cannot fail to be. A lounge through London or Paris, devoted to an active and conscientious survey of the shop-windows, is as interesting an occupation as can be imagined. It interests the highest and the lowest intelligences, those who simply and vacantly stare, those who seek and those who have knowledge of what they see; critics, experts, and idlers are all interested alike in Oxford Street and in the Agricultural Hall. This is all the instruction that the Islington bazaar affords, and it is not to be undervalued; but when we come to the avowed and special object of the gathering, which is stated to be "to stimulate and reward individual skill and intelligence" by separating the results of personal design and execution from the mere results of combined work, we ask how far such an object is in these days and in the present condition of almost all manufactures attainable, and how far at Islington that object has been attained? As regards the last condition, it seems to have been professed, but that in fact it has not been attempted to carry it out. The *Times*, at the conclusion of its account of the opening, insists "upon the necessity of the names of the workmen who have made the articles being published"; from which we gather that the very fundamental *raison d'être* of the Exhibition has not been, or very insufficiently, attended to. It is the Working Men's Exhibition *minus* the workmen; art, or rather production, is there, but the artisan is not. The firm, the manufactory, capital, and combination show what they can turn out; but what the craftsman with hammer and hand, with brain and fingers, can manipulate, what the man, he by himself, he can do, except in very few instances, we do not learn. We do not learn, because there is so little of this to learn. Manufacture—that is, production by hand—is extinct, or nearly so, in these times. The law illustrated by Adam Smith of the effects of combined labour in production is fatal to technical superiority. We may make, and for years we have been making, all sorts of efforts to educate artisans with the view of turning out single works of craft; but it will not do. It is too dear; machine-made jewellery and goldsmiths' works, castings in metal, engine-turning and stamping patterns with tools, bent the pincers and the hammer and the file out of the market. It is only in barbarous countries where labour is cheap, and where a craft is a tradition or an inheritance, that personal skill can be fostered to any high pitch. Special culture must die out, as it is overridden by the accumulation of capital, just as the picturesque Red Indian must be exterminated by the advance of civilization and economy.

As far as we understand the Islington Exhibition at present, what pass for the contributions of the working-man are in few cases true artisan's work; and further, it would seem that when a single person shows a single and definite production either he is not a craftsman *quoad* his special production, or his work is bad. Let us illustrate what we mean. Messrs. Mappin and Webb exhibit a vast amount of cutlery; but they will not tell us that a single knife was made by any one man, nor will they deny that machinery was employed in the production of each particular part of the knife or process to which the knife was subjected in the course of production. Of what value, therefore, according to the ideal proposed by the programme of the Exhibition of the evidence of and encouragement given to personal skill and intelligence, is a sumptuous case of Sheffield cutlery, the result of a hundred, and those always mechanical and not human, processes? Salvati's manufactory, and a group of textile fabrics, cloths woven or felted by machinery, or specimens of Welsh flannel, have great commercial interest, but they have nothing to do with the special workman. Irish friezes are interesting to manufacturers, and the Exhibition tells us that we may buy them at a certain clothier's shop on Ludgate Hill. As an advertisement and memorandum for purchasers, this has its value, but what has it to do with the Working Men's Exhibition? As regards nine-tenths of the Exhibition, it is just the old story over again—precisely what we have seen at London and Paris, and are doomed again to see at London and Paris—a vast aggregate of show-cases, shop-fronts, pattern cards, and advertising sheets, all very important to enterprising tradesmen; but, as regards craftsmanship, we learn nothing, or very little—precisely because there is nothing, or next to nothing, to tell us. It is something for us to feast our eyes on elaborate inlaid tables and costly specimens of marqueterie furniture, but in the first place, they are not the work of any one workman; and next, we should have to go to a "Co." to buy it. If these Exhibitions are good for anything, they ought to bring us face to face and mind to mind with the artificer; as it is, they refer us to Messrs. Castellani at Rome, or to some great iron-works in Staffordshire or Newcastle. Even when, as in the matter of Indian embroidery or ivory-carving, we have the genuine work of

the solitary artisan, he is intercepted by the wholesale house and the importer.

Next come the small class of those British workmen who exhibit their own productions in jewellery, chasing, and enamels, in porcelain painting and glass engraving, in stone carving, and other works which may be called artistic. It is to the encouragement of these artistic workmen that our art schools and prizes have for many years been sedulously employed. But all those who have paid attention to the matter bear testimony to the little results which have been attained. Whenever an artist workman has been educated, or has educated himself, up to a certain and often creditable amount of proficiency, he is snapped up by the trade, and set to work on producing articles of the regulation fashion and pattern, and the fire of original genius is stamped out of him before it is thoroughly kindled. We spend infinite culture and money on producing our Pegasus, and then set him to plough. Nor must it be forgotten that shopkeepers exhibit the greatest reluctance to allow any communication between a customer and the workman. If by accident one finds a piece of jewellery or an enamel in a shop which exhibits remarkable taste or skill, it is impossible to get at the artificer. An order will of course be taken over the counter, but you can never find out the working-man. Intelligence and skill in the craftsman may exist, but the firm keeps this intelligence and skill to itself. What is wanted is, as the programme of this Exhibition professes, union between the employer and the employed; but this union, to be really valuable, should be a union between the amateur who gives a commission and the workman who executes it. The union which does exist is between the middleman—the shopkeeper—the firm—capital—and the workman, not between the customer and the craftsman. The working-man in these bazaars is generally a mere phrase; the person who profits by them is the shopkeeper; and it is for this reason that, as the newspapers complain, so little care has been taken at Islington to announce the name of the workman, or at least to announce it with such distinctness that you can get at him, and so much care has been taken to announce the shop where the production may be bought.

Another feature in this display approaches to an illusion. We refer to the works exhibited by workmen certainly, but in departments of labour or taste which are not at all connected with the particular trades they profess. In other words, we have objects of dilettante skill which must be set down as mere amateur work. The Exhibition professes to be one of objects contributed by special workmen, each labouring at his own special art. A tailor may be congratulated that he spends his spare time in carving chairs, and a shoemaker deserves credit if he makes models of cork, or constructs an amateur telegraph, instead of sitting at a public-house, or doing worse at a music-hall. But this is not what the Exhibition professes to be. The man whom we want to know and to honour is not the farmer's boy who has got the knack of carving cherry-stones, but the blacksmith who has got something of the Matsys genius, and who turns out a piece of wrought iron-work designed and created entirely, as he would say, out of his own head and by his own hands.

However, let the Islington Exhibition stand on its own merits, and those merits are not inconsiderable. Instructive and interesting a very large collection of productions always must be, especially when gathered from so many quarters. As a mere collection, it is a good one; the special object which it professes it does not attain, but it will amuse many and teach some. It will prove, we trust, a successful rival to Highbury Barn, in the immediate neighbourhood; and we sincerely congratulate any Exhibition which will serve to divert artisans from their present amusements, always sordid, and too often corrupting. It was only by an accidental but grim joke that it was "inaugurated" with all its blooming aspirations of "promoting goodwill among nations" on the very day on which we were unhappily certified that the two leading nations of the Continent, foremost and most active in the pursuit of all these arts of industry and trade, Paris with its repeated Exhibitions and the Zollverein with all its industrial success, were rushing to arms for the point of honour or the greed of political ambition on one side, or probably on both sides.

THE JOCKEY CLUB AND RACING.

THE adoption by the Jockey Club of the majority of the recommendations offered in the Report of their Select Committee, is as considerable an instalment of Turf reform as could be expected from a body of men who are being forcibly pushed along a new and unwelcome path. Some of the new rules are so invaluable, and their justice is so self-apparent, that it is impossible to help wondering at the persistence with which they have been so long resisted. Such is the fifth resolution carried last Saturday, that no race-meeting shall commence before the week which includes the 25th of March, or continue beyond the week which includes the 15th of November. Henceforth there will be four months of rest for the wearied racehorse; but it reflects no credit on our Turf legislators that the urgent need of this act of humanity was not acknowledged ten years ago. Such also is the measure of relief accorded to two-year-olds by the enforced abatement of their labours, though this subject has been dealt with from mixed motives and with considerable timidity. In a word, every one of the fourteen resolutions carried at the General

Meeting is a step in the right direction, though some of the steps are faltering and timid. The recommendations of the Committee that failed to find favour with the General Meeting are four in number. In the first place, though horses running at any flat race remain disqualified from taking part in any meeting where the Jockey Club rules are in force, the disqualification does not apply to the rider also. We do not see the reason for this exception in favour of jockeys. Secondly, the proposed new regulations for selling races are summarily rejected. This is much to be regretted, not only because the Committee devoted particular attention to this branch of racing law, but also because the abuses of selling races are so great that, in the words of the Committee's Report, the objects for which those races were established are utterly frustrated. The provisions suggested by the Committee for their amendment may have been somewhat cumbersome and elaborate, but they were faithfully directed to one point, that this class of races should be placed on a *bona fide* footing. As the General Meeting disliked the plan of the Committee, which was borrowed from that recently adopted by the French, and could suggest none of its own, selling races will continue for the present to be extensively patronized by owners who never mean that their horses should be sold. Thirdly, two-year-olds are to be allowed, contrary to the advice of the Committee, to run with older horses from May 1st all through the season. And, lastly, the proposition that the nominations for handicaps should be published simultaneously with the weights, and that the acceptances or declarations of forfeit should not be published earlier than a week before the race, was rejected. This is the only piece of revision on the part of the General Meeting with which we are able to agree. Intrinsically, nothing could be better than the Committee's recommendation; but then it was framed expressly with a view to discourage and diminish betting on handicaps; and as the Jockey Club has avowed its incompetence to deal with the subject of betting in any way, the General Meeting was technically right in declining to entertain the proposal. *A fortiori*, Sir Joseph Hawley's proposition to abolish P.P. betting could not even be listened to; nor do we regret this firm resolution of the Club, now so often expressed, to have nothing to do with betting questions, inasmuch as it serves to define with distinctness the limits of their actual jurisdiction. We are led also to believe that another year will not pass without some comprehensive measure for the limitation of betting being submitted to Parliament; and for such a measure the way is now abundantly open. We may remark in passing that, alarmed at the threatened destruction of one of their chief sources of profit, some of the sporting papers are beginning to assert that betting has already decreased so much, and is dying a natural death so fast, that what remains of it is not worthy the attention of the Legislature. To a certain extent there may be some grounds for this deprecatory statement. It may be true that where there used to be a dozen Derby books open, there is now not one, and that the betting on great handicaps quoted in the papers is more nominal than real. We are very happy to believe that such is the case. But we also believe that the decrease of betting at the present moment is a matter of pure accident. As regards racing men themselves, there are very few who have money to bet with, and the best of those few race for honour and not for money. As regards the public, some little difficulty has been placed in the way of their racing speculations, and the ordinary Englishman is so wedded to routine that if his man of business has to forsake his old house near Covent Garden for a new house at Edinburgh, that is quite sufficient in itself to diminish for a time the transactions between them. We cannot remember Mr. William Wright and his thirty thousand vouchers and yet believe that the public taste for gambling, as illustrated by the dealings of a single commission agent, has been suddenly and materially altered in a single year. Moreover, we have noticed of late by the advertisements in the sporting papers that the commission agents are gaining confidence, and that their old haunts in London are beginning to know them again. The gamblers and the abettors of gambling have experienced a slight check, and, in the absence of much more stringent measures, we should have to add a temporary check only. It is idle to say that we may leave betting to itself and it will fall of its own accord within proper limits. Knowing how widely and by what insidious and delusive agencies this passion for gambling on horse-races has been spread through all classes of the people, Parliament must take care to place such hindrances in the way of its indulgence that the diminution of betting may become a real instead of, as at present, an accidental fact.

We may pass very briefly over the remaining business transacted at the General Meeting of the Jockey Club. The Duke of St. Albans appeared to be so ashamed of racing that he tried hard to obtain permission for gentlemen to run their horses in their trainers' names instead of their own; but the indulgence was refused. The Duke of Richmond was not present to bring forward his motion for an annual meeting of the Club during the months of May or June; and Mr. Chaplin's or Sir Joseph Hawley's resolutions to place a further limitation on the running of two-year-olds, and to convert handicap races into private sweepstakes, were summarily rejected. We can imagine that the Jockey Club had had a pretty good dose of reform for one year, and felt no inclination to be driven along any further.

On the whole, we are not dissatisfied at what has been done; rather it is a matter of congratulation that a body as careless as it is perhaps ignorant of the force of public opinion should have

accomplished some amount, however fragmentary, of useful work. But one vital question of modern racing, the running of two-year-olds, has been approached in so tentative a way that another year we may confidently look for its reappearance. A week or two ago we remarked that the question of two-year-old racing was one above all others to be left to the decision of men experienced in breeding and training thoroughbred stock; and we professed ourselves content with the resolutions agreed to by the Committee, because the Report stated that they were in accordance with the opinions of the large majority of experienced trainers to whom reference had been made. We thought at the time that it would have been more satisfactory if the answers received from the various trainers had been published, but we had no reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement made by the Committee that, in the aggregate, the trainers of England were in favour of two-year-old racing. A writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, who signs himself "Senex," has, however, had access to the answers of the forty-three trainers to whom application was made, and in a communication to that journal, in the course of last week, has quoted the answers received from five of the oldest and most eminent. If these five are, as "Senex" says, fair representatives of the remaining thirty-eight in the nature and character of their answers, we can only say that the Committee jumped rather hastily to the conclusion that the great majority of the trainers were advocates of two-year-old racing, even when its commencement was postponed to the 1st of May. Three out of the five think May too soon for two-year-old racing to begin, and four out of the five are of opinion that horses that run as two-year-olds jeopardize their chance of making improvement as they grow older. Thomas Dawson says that "no doubt the severe training and frequent running of two-year-olds are the cause of the great scarcity of old horses." William Cowper, who was manager of the Duke of York's stud as long ago as 1812, is of opinion that "half the horses are spoilt now from being run so early. All the best horses in former years were never treated in this way." And John Scott, though he approves of horses being run "a few times" at two years old in order to give them some idea of their business, emphatically declares that "a horse that has not run at two and three years old would be more likely to improve with age than one that had run frequently at those ages." John Day alone says that he has had heavily worked two-year-olds who have gone on improving up to four and five years, at which age they have shown their best form. But though this may be true about two or three horses that have been under his care, such as John Davis, Lord Ronald, and Lecturer (who, by the way, was not much worked either at two or three years), we cannot forget that John Day will also be remembered as the trainer of two of the most overworked two-year-olds of modern times, See-Saw and The Earl. See-Saw's chance for the great three-year-old races of his year was entirely thrown away by the manner in which he was hacked about as a two-year-old; and if The Earl, who met with no better usage, was well enough to win the Derby and the Leger, perhaps John Day will tell us why he did not even start for either of those events. How can we forget also Lady Elizabeth, who, invincible at two years, could not win a fifty-pound plate the following year? Clearly the list of the Danebury trainer's failures from overwork at an early age might be made longer than that of his successes. But, without fastening too much on the answers of one person, we may safely say, if "Senex" has read the answers of the forty-three trainers aright, that the balance of their testimony is far more antagonistic to two-year-old racing than could be gathered from the Report of the Committee. As for poor Admiral Rous, he is left quite in the lurch. To object to two-year-old racing in February is, in his opinion, the act of a fool. Yet not even John Day would run them before May. What a position for the dictator of the Turf! To be pooh-poohed on his pet hobby by all the men who throughout their lives have been engaged in the business of preparing blood stock for their racing careers. But Admiral Rous will not be at all discomposed at his discomfiture. He has called his friends and colleagues fools; we dare say he will not hesitate to call the trainers of England fools also.

REVIEWS.

CHAUCER ON THE ASTROLABE.*

WE are glad to see the attention of the public drawn once more to the oldest work on a scientific subject in the English tongue—Chaucer's *Treatise on the Astrolabe*. So entirely has the general interest in regard to it been suffered for generations to pass away that the very existence of a work so curious in itself, and so valuable as an index to the state of scientific knowledge at that early date, besides furnishing the key to many an allusion otherwise obscure or unintelligible in the poetical writings of Chaucer, is probably known to few even among the admirers of our great national poet. So little has been the heed paid to it by editors of Chaucer's writings that since the edition of Urry in 1721 it has not been included in a single modern reprint. Nor did Urry even then do more than copy blindly from the preceding editions, without any attempt to explain, amend, or illustrate the text, which had come down in a most imperfect form from the earliest

* *The Treatise on the Astrolabe of Geoffrey Chaucer*. Edited, with Notes and Illustrations, by Andrew Edmund Brae. London: J. E. Smith. 1870.

impressions. A new edition of this well-nigh forgotten literary relic has been made a labour of love by Mr. A. E. Brae, who has for years made the poetical works of Chaucer his study, with an especial eye to illustrating and clearing up the astronomical allusions which have often puzzled the poet's commentators. With this view he has wisely gone back to the MS. sources at present available, and has been enabled thereby to correct many a passage where ignorance or carelessness had foisted errors into the printed text. Among the many MSS. in the British Museum which contain Chaucer's poetical works there are only three in which this prose treatise on the Astrolabe is to be found. In none, unfortunately, are more than two out of the five parts, to which Chaucer designed to extend the work, to be met with. Whether actually completed by the author or not, it seems destined to remain a fragment. Of the three MSS. consulted by Mr. Brae, that which is apparently the most ancient (Add. MSS. 23,002) was purchased at Mr. Dawson Turner's sale in 1859. It is not apparently a particularly faithful or trustworthy copy. The second (MS. Sloane, 314) is chiefly noteworthy as bearing upon the fly-leaf an assertion, which misled Ayscough the compiler of the Sloane catalogue, that it is in the handwriting of Chaucer himself. But this is sufficiently refuted, as Mr. Brae remarks, by the fact that the rude and ill-executed diagrams which are incorporated into the text are evidently copied from Stœffler's book *De Fabrica Astrolabii*, which did not appear till the year 1513. The third (MS. Sloane, 261) has considerable value as having been carefully prepared for the press (though never printed) by Walter Stevins, whose dedication of the work to "Edward, Earl of Devonshire," fixes the date of it, as Mr. Brae conclusively shows, in or near the year 1555. Without adopting all the alterations and additions of Stevins, many of which he shows to be rash and unfounded, the present editor has found this MS. of use in checking and correcting not a few errors in the printed editions, of which there exist no less than eight, from the black letter folio of 1532 to that of Urry in 1721. The text of this curious fragment has thus been brought as near as it is ever likely to be to the state in which its illustrious author left it. Slight as it is, it supplements, in a manner highly interesting, what we know of him from his poetical writings, besides throwing a valuable amount of light upon the scientific knowledge of his time. The extreme simplicity of its language is in part due to the treatise being expressly written for the use of "lytel Lowrys my sone," then only ten years old, whose "abylyte to lerne science touchinge nombres and proporcions" had been well perceived by his father. Though but an amateur in astronomy Chaucer shows throughout his mastery of the practical branch of that science, which, we need hardly remark, lies wholly apart from the theory of the actual constitution or relative physical motions of the heavenly bodies. Doubtless Chaucer shared the opinions commonly held prior to the revolution made by Copernicus. He speaks in his "proheme" of the aid he had received from the calendars of the learned friars "John Somme and N. Lenne"—i.e. Nicolaus de Lynna, of Lynn in Norfolk, a noted astrologer in the reign of Edward III. and himself the writer of a treatise on the astrolabe, who had John Sombe as his associate, as we learn from Bale, who refers to Chaucer's eulogistic mention of these worthies.

The exact date of the treatise seems to be fixed by the writer's own selection of an example in the fourth Conclusion of the second part. "The yere of oure Lorde a thousand thre hundred ninetie and one, the twelveth daie of March, I wold knowe the tide of the daie." The subsequent change of style places this date in A.D. 1392. Chaucer was then living, according to his biographers, in his retirement at Woodstock, and Lewis, of whom we learn no more, apparently at Oxford. It is for the latitude of Oxford that the astrolabe described for his boy's use is calculated by Chaucer, who sets it at $51^{\circ} 50'$, differing scarcely $4'$ from that laid down in the *Nautical Almanac*—a noteworthy proof of the accuracy attainable with the comparatively rude instruments of the time. Attention is well drawn by Mr. Brae to the contrast between this correctness on the part of Chaucer, an amateur in science, and the laxity of a professed and pretentious astronomer like Stœffler, who, a hundred years later, in his *Tabula Regionum, Provinciarum et oppidorum insignium Europa*—wherein, by the way, he ignores London altogether—makes both the latitude and longitude of Oxford more than a degree too much. In adopting for the obliquity of the ecliptic $23^{\circ} 50'$ Chaucer is strangely in excess of the actual quantity at his date. Taking the present mean value at $23^{\circ} 27' 22''$ and Peters' rate of $46.45''$ for the secular diminution, we should find the real amount about Chaucer's time to be about $23^{\circ} 31' 10''$. Chaucer himself professes to have made out his figures "after Ptholemy." But, as is well known, not this quantity, but $23^{\circ} 51' 20''$, was Ptolemy's; who, Delambre proves, had worked it out from Eratosthenes' estimate of the ratio of the double obliquity to the circumference of the circle as 11 to 83. In the twelve centuries from Ptolemy to Chaucer, the diminution of obliquity would have reached some $9' 46''$, which leaves scarcely less anomalous the excess of Chaucer's quantity.

The astrolabe (*ἀστρολάβος*), first named and described by Ptolemy, but probably in a simpler form employed by Eratosthenes and Hipparchus for taking altitudes of the stars or sun, and in a rough way approximating to the longitude, was originally a fixed instrument, mounted equatorially, in many respects resembling an armillary sphere, two equal circles crossing each other at right angles, the one representing the equator, the other the solstitial colure. Passing into the East, its Greek name modified into "Usturláb," it came into general

use there, as we may even learn from the story of the barber in the *Arabian Nights*; and from thence, simplified in its working and rendered portable for the purposes of navigation, it found its way back into Europe, retaining in its several parts, and having inscribed upon its component plates, much of the nomenclature of its Arab makers. An astrolabe formed part of the nautical appliances of Vasco da Gama, and was doubtless among the instruments thrown overboard by that somewhat rash hero so as to render it impossible to put back when a storm off the Cape terrified his seamen into mutiny. In a rude form, often simply of wood, it is even now in use among the Arab seamen of the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. Of the numerous specimens extant, as well of European as of Eastern manufacture, the oldest, of Persian make, dated A.D. 905, is preserved in the Imperial Library at Paris. Of this an elaborate account was promised five-and-twenty years ago by M. Jomard, but his great geographical work, of which it was to have formed part, does not seem to have been carried on so far. Several specimens appear to have been executed about the time of Ulugh Bég, whose famous astronomical tables were compiled in the year of his death, 1449. Among the many fine examples of which the British Museum can boast, one of exquisite design and finish is dated A.D. 1235. But by far the most beautiful instrument is that which came into the possession of the Museum as part of the collection of Sir Hans Sloane. This fine work of Oriental art is circular in form, consisting of five plates of copper-gilt, about fifteen inches in diameter, exquisitely wrought with arabesque figures and scrolls. It was described fourteen years ago by Mr. W. H. Morley, in a handsome folio monograph, with illustrations taken directly from the plates themselves by the anastatic process. Originally made for Sháh Husain Safawí, King of Persia, in 1712, there seems no evidence by what means it found its way into the hands of Sir Hans Sloane. Mr. Morley, while giving a general history of the astrolabe and the literature connected with it, together with a list of the instruments known to him as being extant in Europe, omits to mention the elegant little pocket astrolabe made in 1569 by Humphrey Cole for Sir Francis Drake, and used by him in his memorable West Indian voyage in the following year. Long preserved in the Stanhope family, by a member of which it was presented to King William IV., it was placed by His Majesty in the Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital, where it is now to be seen. It is of oval shape, in fine gold of exquisite manufacture, about the size of a large watch. The five plates, instead of being detached on the ordinary plan, are connected by a multiple hinge. A gnomon, with declination and hour circles, is added to one of the plates, while a small compass occupies the centre of another. The general arrangement of the plates in most of the larger instruments is identical, and Chaucer's short treatise—the first part showing "the figures and the membres," the second part "the pratike and the conclusions of thyn astrolabye"—is as full and clear a guide as can well be desired, allowing for its quaint and antiquated language, to the structure and use of the astrolabe. The diagrams prepared by Mr. Brae are based upon those in Stevins's MS.

The first of these represents the front face of the outer or principal plate, serving as a frame to the other parts. It is called by Chaucer the "moder," and is thicker at the margin, round which are engraved the 360° of the circle, and within these the 24 hours indicated by letters of the alphabet. The hollow part thus formed is termed the "wombe," and receives within it the other plates. Plate II. gives the back of this plate, having round the margin the signs of the Zodiac, and within these the months, the one overlapping the other so as to show the effect produced upon the Calendar by precession, alluded to in the "Frankleyn's Tale"—

He knew ful wel how fer Alnath was shove
Fro the hed of thilke fixe Aries above.

Upon a central pin or boss which passed through all the plates, keeping them each in its place, worked a "brode reule" or radial index—a flat rule having at each end a raised plate, pierced with one or two small holes, through which the sun or a star might be seen, and its altitude taken by the scale of degrees. In addition to this, Chaucer is singular in speaking of a "label that is shapen like a reule, save that it is streight, and hath no plates (sights) on eythere ende," with the small point of which angular measurements, or "equacions," are apparently intended to be made on the plane surface, as direct observations are made by the radial index when the astrolabe is held vertically. The label being "streight" is taken by Mr. Brae to mean that "its fiducial edge was in one continuous straight line uninterrupted by any centring." We prefer to regard it as meaning simply "narrow," in contrast to the "brode reule" or index. Plate III. shows the "rete" or net, otherwise called the "spider" from the twelve ribs or circles of longitude spreading from the margin and converging to the pole of the ecliptic; and Plate IV. the "circles under the rete," drawn here for the latitude of Oxford, which carry on the resemblance to a spider's web. Here are the equinoctial circle and those of Cancer and Capricorn, with the almucanters or parallels of altitude between the horizon and the "signet," or "zenith." In Plates V. and VI. are represented two observations constituting Chaucer's 4th "conclusion"—"to knowe every tyme of the daie by light of the soone, and every tyme of the night by the sterres fixe, and eke to knowe by night or by daie the degre of the signe that ascendeth on th' est horizonte, which is cleped comenly the ascendant." Mr. Brae makes it abundantly clear that Alhabor, the star selected by Chaucer for his second observation, was not Sirius, as has generally been assumed, but Rigel in the heel

of Orion. To astronomical proofs of this belief he adds the evidence of Freytag's Arabic Lexicon, which gives for the name of β Orionis the name "Rijil al Habor." Mr. Brae gives good reasons for rejecting as spurious the 42nd Conclusion, which has been somehow added at the end of those undoubtedly belonging to Chaucer, contenting himself with printing it verbatim from the edition of Urry, adding Stevin's alterations and additions at the foot of the page. The text of it seems hopelessly corrupt, and the conclusion itself is opposed in essential points to Chaucer's method, as well as to his statements of fact expressed in other parts of his treatise.

The astrolabe suspended from the thumb by a ring, or more freely by a loop or cord, would by its weight afford a very fair vertical line for observations. Chaucer's imperfect treatise concludes with some rules for its use in taking the heights of terrestrial objects, by means of the double scale on the back of the instrument. This he terms the "craße of umbra recta and umbra versa." In a horizontal position the instrument might be further employed for angular measurements in azimuth, acting as an imperfect form of theodolite. In its primary use as an altitude instrument it was superseded by the quadrant of Hadley in 1730, and dropped into the catalogue of curiosities of the past.

(To be continued.)

CAMPAIGNS OF THE ARMY OF AFRICA.*

RECENT occurrences have given a peculiar interest to this book apart from its military and historical value. After twenty-two years of exile the Princes of the House of Orleans have asserted their right to be recognised as citizens of France, and again to take part in that national life from which they have been so long excluded. Attention has consequently been drawn to the events in which they have been actors, the memory of past times has been revived, and interest awakened in the former deeds of men who promised at one time to bear no mean part in the history of France. The sons of Louis-Philippe were well known in the French army of Africa; they shared many of its labours and of its glories, and a record of these earlier campaigns written by the Duke of Orleans is now for the first time laid before the public by his sons the Count of Paris and the Duke of Chartres. With them served men who have since occupied conspicuous places in their country's history. Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoricière, and others were then young captains in the African army, companions in arms of the King's sons, and apparently destined for a different fate than that which the Revolution, which blasted the hopes of their Royal comrades, presented to them. Some of the most interesting passages of the narrative of the Duke of Orleans deal with the early career of these men, their soldierly qualities becoming quickly perceptible in combats which, more than the great wars of Europe, brought to the front young officers capable of command.

The Duke of Orleans has the advantage of portraying scenes in which he was familiar, and of describing campaigns in which he and his brothers bore a distinguished part. He had already seen service in the trenches before Antwerp, when in 1835 he accompanied Marshal Clausel, famous as having commanded the French army after the battle of Salamanca, in his campaign against Abd-el-Kader; and he subsequently held a high command in the difficult expedition formed for the purpose of opening a road between Constantine and Algiers. His narrative extends over the years from 1835 to 1839, and few will peruse it without regretting that death, which closed his early career, prevented him from continuing the account of the later campaigns in which his higher rank in the army permitted him to bear a more conspicuous part. It is, however, only from incidental remarks that one learns that the narrator himself took part in the campaigns he describes. Anxious to bring out the characters and recount the actions of his companions in arms, he keeps himself completely in the background, and, esteeming the qualities of his enemy, brings before the reader so striking a picture of Abd-el-Kader that, whilst esteeming the valour and endurance of the French troops, one dwells with admiration on the great man who strove to arouse a fallen nation to fresh life, and who, fighting against overwhelming odds, met good and evil fortune with equal wisdom and courage.

In order to comprehend the nature of the struggle, it will be necessary to glance rapidly over the history of the French occupation of Algiers, and to survey the country in which the scenes of the campaigns are laid. The Duke of Chartres—who has himself fought in two wars, and, although forbidden by a cruel fate from joining the ranks of his countrymen, has admired their gallantry when serving with their allies—has in the introduction to his father's book given a lucid sketch of the preceding campaigns of the French in Africa. He shows how, wearied by the piracies of the Turks of Algiers, and incensed at the imperious conduct of the Bey, Charles X. determined to continue the work which Louis XIV. had commenced, and in 1830, by the joint action of his fleet and army, conquered and occupied the hitherto supposed impregnable citadel of Algiers. By this conquest the French inherited the possessions of the Turks, and became responsible for the peace and good government of the country. The task was not an easy one. The Turks, although still holding garrisons at Bona, Constantine, Medeah, and Tlemcen, had lost prestige

by their defeat; and the native Arab population, no longer awed by their former rulers and oppressors, broke out into violence, and, unrestrained by treaty stipulations, carried fire and sword almost up to the gates of Algiers. In some instances the Turkish Beys encouraged rather than repressed these hostilities, and expeditions to Blidah and Bona became almost necessary, as to remain stationary seemed to provoke attack. Thus the French troops soon found themselves involved with three nations disunited in themselves, but prepared, if a leader should arise, to join against their common enemy.

A rapid survey of the country is here necessary to understand the narrative of the war. Around Algiers stretches the fertile plain of the Metidji, bounded by the Atlas, whose summits, covered with perpetual snow, are discernible from the ramparts of the fortress. This great chain stretches across the whole length of the three provinces of Constantine, Algiers, and Oran, sometimes looking into the waters of the Mediterranean, at others retiring and leaving a fertile country between its rugged slopes and the sea. The towns of Bona, Algiers, and Oran, held until the arrival of the French by Turkish garrisons, overawed the Moorish population of the sea-coast. In the mountains the Kabyle tribes, descended from the various and mixed races who, as each wave of conquest passed over the land, retreated to the rocks for safety, defied the Turkish power, and, careful and laborious in agriculture, supported themselves in their natural and almost impregnable fortresses. These tribes held the mountain passes which led to the southern slopes of the Atlas, where the Arabs of the interior, rich in flocks and herds, found summer pasturage, retreating during winter to the many oases of the Great Sahara. Over these the Turks held a sort of suzerainty by means of their garrisons at Constantine, Medeah, and Tlemcen, and supported on one side by the Bey of Tunis, on the other by the Emperor of Morocco, defied the French power after the fall of their garrisons on the sea-coast.

Thus the Turks, the Kabyles, and the Arabs, each adverse to the other, viewed in fear the growth of the French power, and seemed to await some leader who would prove worthy to unite the disjointed members and frame them into one powerful body. This man proved to be the young marabout, or priest, Abd-el-Kader. He was twenty-four years of age, and had recently returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca, when the Arabs, aroused by the disasters of the Turks, endeavoured to persuade his father, Mahiddin, to lead them against the Turkish garrison of Tlemcen. He refused on account of his age, but pointed to his son. The young man, fired by religious enthusiasm and national ambition, turned against the more powerful and dangerous enemy which had shown himself on the coast, and from the town of Mascara, recently wrested from the Turks, led his undisciplined forces against the French garrison of Oran. The French had met with no resistance in their occupation of Oran; the Turkish Governor was old, and surrendered on the appearance of the enemy's vessels; and the new garrison rapidly entrenched itself in its dreary quarters, and with little difficulty repulsed the attack of the Arabs unaccustomed to this description of warfare. Numerous skirmishes in the open country followed, and the French were almost restricted to the line of their entrenchments. At the same time Abd-el-Kader increased his power by subduing the whole of the Turkish province of Tlemcen excepting the fortified post of Méchouar, and by subjecting to his authority, either by force or persuasion, the neighbouring Arab tribes. So powerful did he become, and so closely did he blockade the French garrison on the coast, that General Desmichel was glad, in 1834, to conclude a treaty with him as chief of the believers, and to open trade between the Arabs and the French. Abd-el-Kader seized the opportunity to provide himself with arms, to form and discipline a regular army, and thus to increase his authority over the tribes.

Such was the position of affairs in Oran, in 1835, when the Duke of Orleans commences his narrative. In Algiers the French held with difficulty the town and Metidji plain, at Bona they were restrained within the walls, and at Bougie, situated on the coast between Bona and Algiers, they were blockaded by the Kabyle tribes of the adjoining mountains. Still they had made progress; a class of officers and soldiers had grown up who looked to Africa as their home, and were attracted rather than repelled by the wild frontier warfare. Soldiers from other lands, whom peace had thrown out of employment or revolution driven from their country, served under the French standards in Algiers; a Polish Legion had been organized; whilst from the warlike population of the country itself, always ready to join the power which seemed strongest, regiments had been raised, and the nucleus formed of the Zouaves and Chasseurs d'Afrique.

The hollow truce with Abd-el-Kader lasted but a short time; predatory excursions on the part of the Arabs formed a ready excuse for war, and General Trézel, at the head of the garrison of Oran, marched against the enemy with the view of punishing some recent aggressions. But the French had to learn that the Arabs, under such a leader as Abd-el-Kader had now become, were no mean enemy. The garrison of Oran, enfeebled by a year's inactivity, improperly equipped for mountain warfare, and impeded by a cumbersome train, became involved in the barren region which separates Oran from Mascara. They began to entrench a position about eighteen miles from Oran when Abd-el-Kader attacked them at the head of his regulars, of the Kabyle infantry, and the cavalry raised from the Arab tribes. The French fought bravely, the Polish Legion particularly distinguishing itself, but some of the matériel had to be abandoned to make room for the carriage of the wounded. The Arabs, roused by the sight of booty,

* *Campagnes de l'Armée d'Afrique, 1835-1839.* Par le duc d'Orléans. Publié par ses Fils.

pushed on vigorously; the French commenced a retreat to the sea-coast, and then followed the usual incidents of African warfare. From all sides the surrounding tribes rushed to join the standard of the conqueror, prepared to seize on the expected spoil. Abd-el-Kader found himself at the head of 14,000 horsemen and 1,000 footmen, in addition to his former force; he placed 1,500 of his best infantry behind as many horsemen and pushed forward to seize a defile through which the French were obliged to retreat. By rapid marching they avoided this danger, but, surrounded by overwhelming forces, wearied, thirsty, and scorched by a blazing sun, many of the column gave way to despair. Some sought death by throwing themselves naked, without arms, into the enemy's ranks; some rushed blindly into the river along the banks of which the march was conducted; whilst others turned their muskets against themselves, and sought a voluntary death rather than endure so great misery. Still the column pressed on; the impetus of attack ceased. Abd-el-Kader in vain tried to consummate his victory, his undisciplined allies fell away, and with the loss of one howitzer, all its matériel, and a considerable number of killed and wounded, the French column reached the coast. The infantry embarked for Oran, and the cavalry, evading the enemy, marched thither by land.

This repulse of the French was quickly avenged. Marshal Clauzel, the new Commander-in-chief, captured Mascara, the Emir's capital; and General Bugeaud, whose tactics merit the close study of the military reader, defeated the Arabs with terrible loss on the Sickack, destroying the regular troops which had been formed with so great care. The varying fortunes of the Emir, at one time at the head of an enthusiastic nation, at another insulted by the very Arabs who had lately cringed before him, in one battle almost crushing the French power, in another dependent for life on the swiftness of his black horse, present pictures of wild warfare of peculiar interest, and serve to elucidate the character of the great Arab chief.

The campaigns with Abd-el-Kader, described with much spirit, and conveying many lessons useful to the military reader, occupy more than half the volume. The remainder is principally devoted to the narrative of the two expeditions against Constantine in which the Duke of Nemours and Prince Joinville bore a part. The first expedition was organized and conducted by Marshal Clauzel, after the defeat of Abd-el-Kader on the Sickack had set free for other purposes some of the troops in Oran. For what purpose this expedition was undertaken beyond the object of the personal aggrandizement of the Marshal is not clearly apparent. The Bey of Constantine did not desire war; he had kept the peace with the French garrison of Bonn, and, more engaged in pleasure than in warlike pursuits, had done nothing to provoke the enmity of his powerful neighbour. And here must be noticed almost the only defect in this book, a defect inherent from its authorship. A King's son, writing contemporary history, cannot always speak openly of the faults and failings of his father's subjects, especially when those subjects are Frenchmen of high military rank. Thus the conduct of some persons in authority does not receive the criticism which it seems to merit; disasters are recounted without their causes being sufficiently investigated, and only passing allusions made to circumstances on which a less friendly writer might have laid stress to the advantage of the military student. The able criticism of the French army by General Trochu, a pupil of Marshal Bugeaud, supplements the purely military portions of the Duke's narrative, and, joined to what others have written on the same subject, enables the reader to comprehend what is meant by such sentences as the following, which describes the first advance of the expeditionary force against Constantine, when it had left its own lines but had not yet encountered the enemy:—

L'ennemi n'était point là pour stimuler par sa présence le zèle de chacun; on se négligea, car l'amour de la régularité, l'observation scrupuleuse et le goût de la méthode, qui sont pour les armées allemandes une habitude et un besoin, disparaissent avec le sentiment de la nécessité dans les armées françaises dont l'esprit est plutôt guerrier que militaire.

Judged by subsequent events in the same campaign, this sentence would simply appear to mean that discipline was not kept up on the line of march. In fact, an expedition which seems to have been undertaken without reason, and to have been organized without sufficient men or means, was not supervised with the care which, even if it should not have attained, might yet have merited success. Marshal Clauzel, following on a small scale the example of his great master, the Emperor Napoleon, when he marched on Moscow, neglected ordinary precautions, and preferred to leave to chance what should have been secured by prudence. He chose to believe that the inhabitants of Constantine would rise to welcome the new Bey whom French arms were about to place on the throne, and refused to recognise in the apathy and even hostility of the inhabitants of the country through which he advanced a proof that his hopes were likely to prove futile. His confidence was not, however, shared by the senior officers of the army. At a review held at Guelma, between Bonn and Constantine, the troops defiled before their general, but, to use the simile of the Duke of Orleans, it was in the spirit, if not with the words, of the gladiators, "*Morituri Caesar te salutant.*" Want of nourishment and fuel, and the severe cold of the mountains, told heavily on the soldiers; but the Marshal pressed onwards, and as he neared the city rode forward with his staff, of which the Duke of Nemours formed one, to ascertain the reception which he was likely to meet with. As he came to the edge of the

precipice which, separated by the defile of the Rummel, overlooks Constantine, he quickly perceived that the hopes he had nourished were vain. The city lay silently before him, but as soon as the French horsemen showed themselves, the report of a cannon, followed by the raising of a red flag and the voice of the muezzin, awoke the silent inhabitants. A great cry arose from within the walls, and that cry was sufficient evidence that men, women, and children were resolved to fight to the death to resist the Christian dogs whose very presence seemed to defile their city.

The situation of Constantine rendered an assault without sufficient artillery almost impossible, although the defenders showed little appreciation of the value of the position, and, neglecting all the precautions of modern warfare, were content to defend their walls as if opposed only to the incursions of Arab tribes. After some preliminary engagements, Marshal Clauzel, with whom lay the choice of a desperate assault or a disastrous retreat, determined on the former alternative, and after a cannonade from such guns as he had brought, ordered the advance of a column headed by General Trézel over the old Roman bridge which spans the ravine between the French camp and the city. The mists and rain which had hitherto harassed the troops had cleared, but the bright moonlight showed to the muezzins on the minarets the preparations for assault, and their cries urging resistance to the coming attack were heard even in the French camp. The engineers carrying the powder-bags advanced with great bravery, followed by General Trézel at the head of the infantry. But the Turks concealed behind the parapets poured in so heavy a fire that the head of the column was checked, and General Trézel wounded. A retreat, to save men who could ill be spared, became unavoidable. Attacks directed against other portions of the walls had also failed, and Marshal Clauzel, who had exhausted all his stores, ordered a retreat. The surrounding tribes as usual sided with those who appeared successful, and swarming round the French column fell on the stragglers, and even tried to break the squares. But Changarnier, who commanded the rearguard, and who had already displayed great courage in that capacity, gave them so severe a lesson that with little molestation the column reached Guelma, and thence, although attacked by the Kabyles during their passage through the mountains, arrived at Bonn. The advance on Constantine had proved a failure. Marshal Clauzel, who had done much by his soldierly qualities during the retreat to atone for his previous rashness, was recalled to France, and the nation, roused to the necessity of reasserting its ascendancy in Algeria, prepared a new expedition for the following year.

Profiting by lessons learnt during the former disaster, General Count Darnémont carefully organized his forces, cutting off all that was superfluous, and distributing the proper proportions of stores, food, and ammunition throughout the wheel transport. The men's accoutrements were lightened to enable each soldier to carry eight days' provisions, sixty rounds of ball-cartridge, and a faggot of wood sufficient for three days' cooking. Space will not admit of our following the course of this new expedition, which resulted in the capture of Constantine, although the losses of the French, especially among the officers, attested the vigour of the defence. At the final assault Colonel Lamoricière, already well known in the army of Africa, especially distinguished himself as, after mounting the breach, he led his column through the tortuous streets of the ancient city, where each house was a fortress and every man an enemy. The French flag was hoisted on the Kasbah; the Bey, who had shown little or no courage, but who had entrusted the defence of the city to his lieutenant, fled; and the power of the conquerors was firmly established in the city, and consequently throughout the adjoining territory. The Turkish authority in Algeria had given place to that of France, who, not content with merely subduing, took steps to establish herself firmly in the country, and by uniting her conquests to prepare for the struggle which it was felt must come. The expedition to the Portes de Fer, in which the Duke of Orleans commanded a division, was undertaken with this object, and the volume closes with the French and Arab powers face to face with each other—a truce, but an armed truce, existing between them. Abd-el-Kader, who had been crowned with great pomp at Tlemcen, was preparing to renew the contest, and all readers who have followed the narrative thus far will regret to have to lay down the volume without tracing the steps which led to its ultimate issue. The Princes of the House of Orleans have distinguished themselves with the pen no less than with the sword. To the Dukes of Nemours and Aumale the scenes of African warfare are familiar, and it may be hoped that one of them will continue an account which, whilst valuable to the military student, is more than ordinarily interesting to the general reader.

A CRUISE IN GREEK WATERS.*

THE author of this book describes himself on the title-page as a Bachelor of Arts and Captain in the 2nd Life Guards; and we make no doubt that he is a credit to the University from which he received a degree, and to the distinguished body of

* *A Cruise in Greek Waters.* By F. Trench Townshend, B.A., Captain and Life Guards. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1870.

warriors in which he has a command. He writes with the simplicity of a gentleman, and is clearly much better versed in the arts of spelling and composition, to say nothing of his classical attainments, than the lamented Colonel Crawley. We may therefore take Captain Townshend as the type of a modern variety of guardsman who combines the bookmaking with the military element. This, it appears, is at least his second adventure as an author, and he has been encouraged to it by the success of a previous enterprise of the same kind. Now a guardsman certainly deserves high praise when he snatches a few moments from his ceaseless round of military duties, and from the demands of an admiring society, to devote himself to literary labours. We must not be surprised if there is still some remnant of the old man, and if his early efforts with the pen betray the survival of some of the less exalted instincts characteristic of the unreclaimed variety of the species. It is customary, we believe, for some military enthusiasts to make journeys for the sake of studying professional questions; others may have a taste for art or antiquities; and, though Captain Townshend does not appear to have developed these propensities very strongly at present, he is at least desirous of employing his brief six months' holiday in providing materials for a book. So far, so good; and we will endeavour, by following the Captain's travels, and quoting a few of his observations upon the various countries which he visits, to obtain something like a portrait of the British soldier as he appears when sufficiently cultivated to be susceptible to literary ambition. The travels described were made in the schooner yacht *Evadne*, of 210 tons burden, and though the title of the book would seem to imply that the chief object was a visit to Greece, they in fact included trips to many of the most interesting points between Gibraltar and Alexandria. Few things can be more enjoyable than a cruise in the Mediterranean with a pleasant party of companions, and in a well-provided yacht; and certainly nowhere can more objects be found deserving the interest of every rational being.

The passage of the Bay of Biscay was enlivened by the presence of "porpoises, sharks, and whales, affording occupation for both harpoon and rifle, as we rolled about on the long swell of the Atlantic." After seeing one of the modified Portuguese bull-fights at Lisbon, which are to real bull-fighting what sparring with the gloves is to a prize-fight, the yacht proceeded to Gibraltar. Here the captain remarks, with the natural sentiment of an English soldier, that the voluntary surrender of this key of the Mediterranean would be an act of national suicide. However, he cannot but think that it is rather a dreary place of abode for the unlucky troops who are obliged to act as its garrison. The rabbits on the rock are strictly preserved, no leave being ever granted to shoot them; and there are only five monkeys, two of which have been recently imported. Still a residence in "Gib" is made tolerable, though there is no rabbit-shooting, first, by the amount of leave—a statement which sounds a little like a bull—and secondly, by the hunting and cock-shooting to be obtained in the winter. After touching at Malaga and making a short trip inland, which resulted in nothing better than witnessing a gipsy-dance and some illustrations of driving four-in-hand, the party proceeded to Algeria. This they found a comparatively civilized country, inasmuch as horse-racing is there practised after a fashion, and the breed of horses is known to be one of the most excellent in the world. After leaving Algiers the party landed at Philippeville, a town which has the advantage of being surrounded by a scrub of myrtle and other trees, affording shelter for quail and woodcock. The accounts of the shooting were, however, insufficient to tempt our travellers to stay, and they proceeded—after a short stay at Bona, where they heard rumours of lions, wild-boars, and other large game in the interior—to Tunis. Here a digression is introduced to give an account of a former expedition made by the author to the interior of the country. The natives are not very attractive. The negroes, for example, are so unreasonable that, though the English did much to free them from slavery, they refused to allow the English Consul to pull down certain blocks of masonry for which they had a superstitious reverence. The Arabs, however, have many good points. One of them civilly told the Captain that he knew that in Europe all went well, whilst here it was all poverty and decay. This, says Captain Townshend, shows "a step on the road towards national improvement." But the Sheikh who made this remark gave stronger proofs of sagacity. The Captain and his companions, it seems, spent five or six hours digging for a porcupine, which after all escaped their efforts. The Sheikh expressed his surprise, but made the flattering remark that the energy thus displayed for an apparently childish purpose was the same quality which had ensured our success in the Crimean war. We may infer from this either that the Sheikh was a very clever fellow, or that there is a rising sect, whose existence has hitherto been unsuspected, of muscular Mahomedanism. The same dignitary gave a more practical proof of his good-will by providing all the necessary materials for boar-hunting, and the party had the satisfaction of slaying three pigs, one of them possessing tusks of unusual size, though the prejudices of their hosts compelled them to discharge the duties of butcher for themselves. The next chapter describes our friends as "visiting the ruins of Carthage, and trying what small game they could pick up within easy distance of the town." The remains at Carthage, we are rather vaguely informed, are something like those at Pompeii; but in the

neighbourhood they shot a young flamingo, and the lakes afford shelter to a great number of wild fowl. In a subsequent expedition they slew certain pigs, and heard the roar of a lion; but we are glad to record that when certain owls of a remarkably small species sat on the trees, "quietly blinking at them without the least fear," they did not abuse the touching confidence displayed. This is the more gratifying as the small owls, together with monkeys, horses, and dogs, appear to be the only animals the sight or sound of which did not instantaneously suggest murderous thoughts. The yacht proceeded from Tunis by way of Malta to Athens; and certain black fish and porpoises which rashly approached the *Evadne* fell victims to the confidence which had been respected in the case of the small owls, and were pierced by the harpoons of the crew.

At Athens we are treated to a little more of the ordinary guide-book material than is generally admitted into the Captain's pages; but he was thoroughly disgusted with the modern Greeks, and we hope that we are not doing him injustice in the surmise that some part of his prejudice was due to the fact that the only sport popular in Greece seems to be that in which brigands are the hunters and travellers appear in the unpleasant character of game. The party were forced by contrary weather to land and inspect the ruins of Tiryns, but they "could not find a sign of any sort of game; goats and a flock of flat-tailed sheep being the only living things visible." In the Bay of Salamis, where our author remembers that a naval engagement once took place, they were more fortunate, for letting down their nets they managed to secure some grey mullet, flatfish, and a species of rock-bream—the mullet ungratefully evading their pursuers by jumping over the nets. At Constantinople they spent a pleasant week, and had the advantage of inspecting the dancing dervishes and the Imperial stables, where they saw some horses with pedigrees of five centuries. In the Dardanelles they had the excitement of a race between two tortoises which they had captured, a marsh-tortoise beating a land-tortoise by a distance of ten yards. They also shot some blue kingfishers, jays, and quails, and a magnificent specimen of the great horned owl, which was unluckily washed overboard. Perhaps this may be considered as a judgment upon them for sparing the peculiarly small owls at Tunis, in defiance of all the natural instincts of the British traveller. They were compensated, however, by a great success. Hobart Pasha had told them at Constantinople that they would find some excellent snipe and wild-duck shooting in the Troad. They accordingly visited the site of the renowned city of Troy, and in crossing the plain they "managed in four hours to bag fifty couple of snipe, besides losing nearly as many more in the high reeds and bushes." Indeed they became so enthusiastic that they shot away all their ammunition, and could not make the necessary signal to the yacht on their return at night. Any number of snipe, the Captain assures us, might be slain on these marshes, "so that the plain of Troy is deserving of a visit from sportsmen quite apart from its historical or mythological interest." We regret to notice one melancholy incident which occurred at this point. One of the monkeys died, owing to a "too free consumption of vesuvias and lucifer matches, washed down by curaçoa, brandy, or any other liquor it could manage to steal." This poor monkey had eaten, amongst many other articles, a choice collection of butterflies and some boxes of pills, and having then got hold of the liqueur case was found lying dead drunk under the table, with the pins which had secured the butterflies sticking through its cheeks. "It never recovered that day's debauch."

The party on the *Evadne* were disappointed by an unreasonable calm from witnessing the opening of the Suez Canal. They arrived a day too late; but managed to console themselves more or less by a sporting expedition to the Natron Lakes, where, however, the stupidity of their dragoman prevented their obtaining any great success. On the whole, they were not much pleased with Egypt, partly because the tyranny of the government has made the universal wretchedness of the inhabitants so painful a sight, and partly because wildfowl shooting has terribly fallen off. The decline in the number of wild geese is attributed by Captain Townshend to the increased number of tourists, who shoot along the banks, and not "to the wholesale destruction of birds by an English nobleman, to whom the decrease in the number of wildfowl frequenting the Valley of the Nile is in Egypt generally attributed." We are unable to decide this knotty point; but if many of the tourists share the propensities of Captain Townshend and his friends, we should say that the days of the wildfowl are numbered. Indeed, a most melancholy reflection is suggested by the whole volume; though there are still lions in Algiers, and wildfowl at Carthage, and grey mullets in the Bay of Salamis, and snipe on the plain of Troy, the persevering efforts of such enthusiasts must speedily thin the numbers of the game even in their most favoured haunts, and then what is to become of the intelligent British officer? Mr. Ruskin says somewhere that he always expects to hear of Englishmen shooting over Mount Sinai. From such accounts as we have heard of the game in that region, we doubt whether his anticipation is likely to be fulfilled; but it is obviously not by any poetical feeling in the travellers that the associations of the sacred mountain are likely to be protected.

CHARNOCK'S CORNISH SURNAMES.*

WE remember once before reviewing a book of Dr. Charnock's on the inexhaustible subject of surnames, but we do not remember that it had any special reference to Cornwall. Cornwall, as a district which has a history, and till lately had a language, of its own, is a good field for local inquiries of any kind. And the Cornish surnames are specially worth looking into, because their first appearance is somewhat misleading. Every one knows the proverb which Dr. Charnock does not fail to quote:—

By Tre, Pol, and Pen
Ye shall know the Cornish men.

And in a certain sense the proverb is perfectly true. Any one whose surname begins with Tre, Pol, or Pen is in all probability, in one sense of the word, either himself a Cornishman or the descendant of forefathers who were Cornishmen. That is to say, some forefather of his—the forefather, namely, who first began to use the surname beginning with Tre, Pol, or Pen—must have been a Cornishman in the sense of being an inhabitant of Cornwall. The names beginning with Tre, Pol, and Pen are local names, names of Cornish parishes or hamlets, and the first man who took the name of any of those places for his surname was undoubtedly an inhabitant of that place, and may very likely have even been the lord of its manor. If his descendants have gone on ever since dwelling in the place, and especially if they have ever gone on being lords of its manor, so much the grander for them. The Cornish surname proves its bearers to be Cornishmen in this sense, but they must beware of thinking it proves anything more. To bear a Cornish surname, and even to have been for generations lords of a Cornish manor, does not prove a family to be Cornish in any sense but that of long habitation. It leaves it a perfectly open question whether they are of original Cornish blood or not. The family may be Cornish in the strict sense, but it is every bit as likely to be West-Saxon or Norman. The phenomena of Cornwall, as they appear in Domesday, are remarkable. It is plain that, as far as the possession of land went, the English Conquest of Cornwall must have been very complete long before the coming of the Normans. The names of the persons who are recorded in Domesday as holding land in Cornwall in the time of King Eadward are almost wholly English; the Welsh names are an insignificant minority. Either then the Cornish landowners must have been almost wholly dispossessed, or else they must have been to some extent Anglicized, and must have adopted English names. That this last process had happened to some extent we may infer from the fact that the first Bishop of Exeter, though he is described as a Briton—that is, doubtless, a Cornishman—bore the English name of Leofric. But that this process did not go very far is at once seen when we turn to the *Codex Diplomaticus*, which deals, not only with landowners, but with all classes from slaves upwards. Here we certainly find plenty of English names, but plenty of Welsh names also. Putting all our sources of information together, we can hardly doubt that though the mass of the Cornish people was then and at all times since mainly British, yet nearly all the land had passed into the hands of English owners. It is not at all unlikely that the effect of the Norman Conquest in Cornwall was to raise the position of the British inhabitants. Cornwall was not like those other shires in which a good deal of land was retained by its English owners, while the greater part was divided among Normans and other strangers in comparatively small estates. The great mass of the land of Cornwall passed into the hands of a single owner, its first Earl William's half brother, Robert of Mortain. Compared with his vast property, what the King held in his own hands was of no great amount; even ecclesiastical bodies were largely plundered in favour of the rapacious Earl; and of other lay owners of any nation we find only two, holding a manor apiece. One of these is that Briton adventurer who became so important in Devonshire, and who bears a genuine Celtic name, which is spelled in a hundred ways, but appears in the Cornwall Domesday as Judhail of Totness. It is plain that this state of things would be favourable to the rising again of that element in the population which had become the lowest of all. When one man holds nearly a whole shire, his tenants will naturally come nearer to the position of holders in their own right than the tenants of smaller lords. When the Survey was drawn up, we find a good many Englishmen holding their lands under the Earl, and a good many others who had been dispossessed in favour of Normans; but we also find one Blohin, who seems to have been a Briton, the tenant of several lordships of which Englishmen had been dispossessed. There was no reason in such a case why Englishmen should have any advantage over Britons. Where the three races were thrown together in this way, the greater number would in the end assert its authority and absorb the others. As Normans gradually became Englishmen in England, so, as soon as the English had ceased to be a dominant caste, Normans and English alike would begin to change into Britons in Cornwall. The case was different from that of Wales. There the country was won by Norman chiefs at the head of followers of all kinds, Normans, English, and Flemish; and the consequence naturally was that the descendants of the conquerors, irrespectively of the differences among themselves, became a ruling class in opposition to the natives. But in Cornwall, instead of the land being conquered by Normans and

Englishmen acting together, Englishmen and Britons together were conquered by the Normans. In Wales, therefore, the Norman element was absorbed by the English, while in Cornwall the English element was absorbed by the British.

The upshot of this is that, when men began to take their names from places in Cornwall, men of all three races would do so indiscriminately, and that the present bearer of a Cornish name may be sprung indifferently from English, Norman, or British forefathers. The only presumption in favour of his descent being British comes from the fact that there must have been many more British inhabitants in Cornwall than English or Norman. And here again we are struck by a marked point of unlikeness between the nomenclature of Cornwall and that of the kindred land of Wales. In Cornwall the great mass of the surnames are local. In Wales local surnames are very rare; the mass of the Welsh surnames are, as everybody knows, strictly patronymics, diversified by a considerable minority of names taken from bodily peculiarities. When a man bears a surname taken from a strictly Welsh Christian name, as Howell or Morgan, or from the Welsh form of a name not originally Welsh, as Evan, or when he bears a name like Lloyd or Wynne, which in Welsh means black or white, or something of that kind, we can at once see that the family is really of Welsh origin. But in the case of Cornish local names we have no such guide. As far as the names themselves are concerned there is no evidence, and very little presumption, one way or another.

The train of thought into which we have been thus led is rather suggested by the subject of Dr. Charnock's book than by the book itself. The book contains little more than an alphabetical collection of Cornish names, with explanations which are not particularly scientific. We light upon one at a shot:—

REES. Some derive the Welsh name Rees, which they say was originally written Rhys, from *Apnc*, Mars. Pryce, however, renders *Pen-ree*, *-rees*, the head of the fleeting ground. Rheese is the name of a moor in Cornwall; and Reese, Rice, Rise, Ryce, Ryse are also found as surnames.

Dr. Charnock, then, thinks that the derivation from *Apnc* is at least worth serious mention. If people will go so far afield, it would have been more promising to have lighted on Rhesus King of Thrace, as Rhesus is sometimes actually used as the Latin form of the Welsh name. But there is something almost more suspicious about the word "Rees, which they say was originally written Rhys." Surely, if a man begins to write about Celtic names, he should, even if he be not master of the Celtic languages, get up a little Celtic history, and we should have thought that no one could turn many pages of the *Brut y Tywysogion* without coming across the name Rys or Rhys pretty often. The whole book is written in the same kind of way as if it had been put together not "inter equitandum," as the Bible is said to have been divided into verses, but in the course of a scamper for life and death. Nearly the whole thing is pieced up with what this man says and the other man says, without the slightest sign of criticism or of real philological or historical research of any kind. What does one learn from being told that the name Pearn is "from *pern*, sadness, regret; or *bearn*, a child"? Or, again, that the name Pengold is "from Pengold in Saint Gennys; from *pen-gol*, the holy head, or *pen-col*, the head of the ridge." Which of these is it really from? Which do the analogies of the Cornish language teach us that it must be from? If Dr. Charnock undertakes to teach us about Cornish names, he ought to know something about them himself and to tell his readers. If the subject of Cornish surnames is worth writing a book about, it is worth writing a scientific and accurate book; a book which shall give us something better than Dr. Charnock's guesses, or than the information that "Pryce renders," "Tonkin thinks," "Lower says," and "Hals derives." But even Dr. Charnock draws the line somewhere. The process by which "Hals derives" is too much for him. This is indeed not wonderful when we see how Hals does derive. There is a name Methian, Mithian, or Mythian, which Hals derives "*mithi-an*, i.e. of whey, a notable grange for cows and milk, or, if Saxon, from *my-thyan*, my servant, a villain by inheritance." To this specimen of Hals's derivation Dr. Charnock very properly adds a note of admiration, but he gives us no hint as to what may have been floating in the mind of the original Hals, and whether he thought that a *peow* and a *pegn* were the same thing. In short, surnames are one of the subjects on which everybody thinks that he has a call to write a book, and a further license to write any book that he pleases. And of course, in writing of any class of Celtic surnames, we must add the further license to wild extravagance which most people seem to think is specially appropriate to all Celtic matters. Dr. Charnock is unluckily no exception.

Still something may often be gathered from a barren soil. The mere lists are worth something, and Dr. Charnock gives us in his preface some hints as to the dangers of identifying names in different languages which are accidentally alike in sound and spelling, but which have no etymological connexion. But even here it is odd to read that "in consequence of a resemblance between Cornish and Welsh names, it is not always possible to distinguish between them," and to read, directly after, that "it is indeed often difficult to distinguish between Cornish, French, and Italian names." Does not Dr. Charnock see that, of the two kinds of likeness which he thus puts on a level, the likeness between Cornish and Welsh is a real likeness, such as must happen between two languages so closely allied, while any likeness between Cornish and

* *Patronymica Cornu-Britannica; or, the Etymology of Cornish Surnames.* By Richard Stephen Charnock, Ph. Dr. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

French or Italian is almost sure to be accidental? Any one who writes about Cornish names or other Cornish matters ought to have the analogous class of Welsh objects always before his mind. Dr. Charnock only goes so far as to say:—

Why there should be so large a number of Cornish surnames, and so small a number of Welsh surnames, I am at a loss to comprehend. Another curious fact is that so few of the latter should be derived from geographical names.

He does not seem to see the connexion between his own two statements. The main reason why there are so many Cornish names and so few Welsh is that the Cornish names are mainly local, while the Welsh names are mainly patronymics.

Dr. Charnock tells us that "there is no book which treats fully and scientifically of Cornish surnames." As far as we know this is still a perfectly true saying.

FACTS AND DATES.*

THERE is some difficulty in passing judgment on books of the class to which the one before us belongs. It is simply a school-book—in fact, it honestly avows itself to be what we may venture to style a *cram-book*; and with such a book the first question to be asked is, Does it work? If Dr. Mackay's "simple and natural method" really teaches people dates, there is no good in raising objections to the means by which such blessed results are attained. For example, "One, two, buckle my shoe" may not appear on the first blush to be the most scientific way of learning the nine numerals, but inasmuch as the experience of generations has found it to work well, we accept it as a valuable addition to scholastic literature. There are stern spirits, a sort of educational Spartans, who have no toleration for the many amiable little devices by which it has been attempted to make smooth the path of learning. However hard it may be to remember a fact or a date, the memory is forbidden to help itself out by rhyme or other technical aid; in short, if you are such a poor creature that you cannot remember things without artificial help, you had better go to your grave in ignorance.

We must confess that these views seem over harsh to us. In the first place, dates are utterly repugnant to children, who may have a very good idea of historical events without being able to give so much as the century in which they occurred. Many a child will read history for its own pleasure who, if forced to remember the dates, would stick fast at the very beginning. In the next place, there are a great many persons who are well-nigh incapable of learning anything, and who yet find it imperatively necessary that they should know, or seem to know, something. Machiavelli apologizes for one of his most objectionable maxims on the plea that, if men were good, he should not recommend such a line of conduct; but inasmuch as notoriously they are wicked, one is not bound to be so very particular in one's dealings with them. So if all people, like the virtuous characters of infantine fiction, "loved their book," or if it were permitted to them to avow their ignorance with the placid self-satisfaction of William of Deloraine, it might be unnecessary to construct elaborate systems of artificial memory; but in these days, when Deloraine's qualifications for lifting a drove of cattle would be tested by his ability to answer questions on all possible subjects, something of the sort must be provided.

Of course 'twas very ignorant,
And must my fame disparage;
I could not state what was the date
Of great King Alfred's marriage,

says *Punch's* rejected candidate, and Dr. Mackay's charitable intention is to preserve any one from falling into a similar difficulty. "Not a few of the most eminent educationists in the Scottish capital," he tells us with pride in his preface, believe that his book "will prove invaluable" "for students at the University and candidates for the Civil Service." It would be cruel to take exception to any system of tying knots in a pocket-handkerchief by which people in such positions might be pulled through an examination. Our objections to the present work are therefore not caused by "the strong prejudice now entertained against everything calling itself artificial memory"—though, by the way, has not Government itself authorised a system of artificial memory for the use of its telegraph clerks?—but are only raised on the ground that the knots are not tied in the best manner possible. Before, however, we proceed further, we feel bound, in consideration of our author's solemn warning that "it would be a serious error to imagine that the present work is a treatise on Mnemonics," to notice the non-mnemonic part of the book. "The work," we are told, "is solely devoted to SCIENCE and HISTORY, and Mnemonics is merely employed as an auxiliary." So much wisdom is packed within its pages that an attempt to master it all would probably entail the fate of the luckless turnip in the *Water Babies*, who "went in for general information"; so we shall content ourselves with saying that there are "Facts in Astronomy," "Facts in Chemistry," in

* *Facts and Dates, or the Leading Events in Sacred and Profane History, and the Principal Facts in the various Physical Sciences. The Memory being aided throughout by a Simple and Natural Method. For Schools and Private Reference.* By the Rev. Alex. Mackay, LL.D., F.R.G.S., Author of "A Manual of Modern Geography, Mathematical, Physical, and Political," "Elements of Modern Geography," "Outlines of Modern Geography," "First Steps in Geography," &c. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1869.

Natural Philosophy, Botany, Zoology, Geography, Old Testament History, Ecclesiastical History, Ancient History, all history and any history. Rivalling Bunyan's Talkative, the book discourses with equal fluency "on things sacred or things profane; things past or things to come"; for we are favoured with much curious information, illustrated by "a simple diagram," on the Second Advent, the loosing of Satan, and the Age of Consummations, to say nothing of such trivial matters as the discrepancies between the Hebrew Scriptures and the Septuagint respecting the ages of Mahalaleel and other antediluvian worthies, or the connexion between the height of the great Pyramid and the mean distance of the sun.

Passing over this part of the work, not without some feelings of awe, we come to the technical memory, in which we are more at home. Dr. Mackay dismisses with lofty scorn all "the systems of Mnemonics hitherto made public" as being, "so far as he has seen, arbitrary, lifeless, and extremely unnatural—destitute alike of beauty, simplicity, and truth," and he boasts, "whatever merit or defect may attach to the method employed in this volume, it is at all events eminently simple and natural." In spite of the italic emphasis of these remarks, the method in question appears to differ little from the well-known systems of Dr. Grey and Mrs. Slater, except in being less skillfully carried out. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we may as well explain that a technical memory is simply a system of expressing numbers by letters of the alphabet, formed, according to one method, into a single word, or according to another, which is that of the present author, into a short sentence, the initial letter of each important word making up the date required. Pronouns and conjunctions have, as a rule, no numerical value, but it is obvious that every important word ought to count, as otherwise the sentence is needlessly lengthened, and the difficulty of remembering how to get at the date increased. Now Dr. Mackay gives us such sentences as the following:—

59. Murder of Agrippina by Nero.
allured by Otho's (wife).

Here the most important word, "wife," has no value, and if the student should forget this, and count it by mistake, the result would be the date 590 instead of 59; if he should omit the wrong word, 50 or 90 would be produced instead. It is true that this word is printed in different type and between brackets; but if Dr. Mackay's pupil is obliged to call up brackets and type before his mind's eye, and to consider whether Nero lived in a time of two figures or three, he will hardly bring out his date with the ease and precision that might be desired. Our author observes, "It will always be found that the happier and more appropriate the sentence is, the more easy it will be to remember it," but he does not seem very careful to follow his own advice in this matter. At times we come upon sentences with some point and sharpness in them, such as would fix themselves in the memory; but as often there is a fatal vagueness. A series of fights, from Benhadad's siege of Samaria to the battle of the Boyne, have similar phrases attached to them—"bloody," "sanguinary," "havoc," "carnage," "slaughter," "great loss," "terrible waste of blood," "terrible loss of people"; terms which might be applied to almost any battle not conducted by Italian soldiers of fortune. Who is likely to remember the year of Magellan's discovery of the Philippine Islands, and his death there, by this sentence, "The courageous leader dies in battle," seeing it might with equal propriety apply to Judas Maccabæus, Claverhouse, or General Wolfe? "The weary exile of the prince" suggests the Young Chevalier or Louis Napoleon at least as readily as the banishment to Gaul of "Archelaus, Ethnarch of Judea and Samaria." And why the point at which olive oil freezes should be expressed in the sentence "The girls murmur" passes us altogether. On the other hand, there is a certain fitness in "The waste of tallow is excessive," by which the melting-point is to be remembered, and it is only fair to add that human ingenuity is hardly equal to the task of manufacturing neat and appropriate sentences for every fact or date in the portentous mass here brought together. Accuracy is a more serious matter, and on this score Dr. Mackay is not altogether irreproachable. It would perhaps be hypercritical to object to "Abraham refuses the loan of a tomb," on the ground that Ephron the Hittite offered the burying-place as a gift, and that Juliet is about the only person on record who could have taken a tomb on loan; while the exigencies of artificial memory may account for Queen Anne and King George I. being respectively termed "our beautiful queen" and "our beloved prince," though it is rather an excess of civility towards those monarchs.

1672. Louis XIV. conquers a great part of Holland.
a beautiful instance of patriotic fortitude,

is, we presume, not meant for a eulogy on Louis, though it sounds like it. To Helen's marriage with Menelaus being commemorated by the sentence, "Occasioned the first crusade of antiquity," we take more serious exception, as tending to give a confused idea of the nature of a crusade. What were the other crusades of antiquity? Edward the Martyr, according to Dr. Mackay, was "treacherously poisoned by Elfrida"; *poniarded*, we may suggest, begins with the same letter, and would be nearer the received account of the murder. Boccaccio, one of Byron's "Etruscan three," who, whether born at Florence, Certaldo, or Paris, was to all intents and purposes a Florentine, is termed "a highly celebrated Genoese." The date of the introduction of hackney-coaches into London, 1625, is conveyed thus, "Cabs and omnibuses fly through London." We pity the candidate for

the Civil Service who should rashly conclude that omnibuses were in use in the days of Charles I. But the following statement is likely to be still more misleading:—

1527. Rome taken and plundered by Charles V. of Germany: the Pope taken prisoner.

c. Bourbon leads the Father to prison.

Doubtless Dr. Mackay is aware that Charles V. and Charles de Bourbon were two different persons, but there will be some risk of his readers taking them to be identical.

These are all technical sentences, and as such may be allowed some latitude. But there is no such excuse for making Eadwine of Northumbria found Edinburgh in 741—a remarkable performance, considering that Eadwine was killed a hundred years previously. Westminster Abbey, we learn, was built by Ethelbert, whoever he might be, in 914. Traditionally, at any rate, the original church dates a good deal further back, to the earliest days of English Christianity; but St. Eadward, whose one great work was the West-minster, and to whom it owes the beginning of its glory, was essentially its founder and builder; yet not a hint of this is given in the book before us. Dr. Mackay seems to have peculiar ideas as to the sort of facts that are necessary to be known. If there was anything important in Æthelstan's reign, one would say it was the battle of Brunanburh—certainly not the "Rise of the English Order of Freemasons" (which we find took place in 926 precisely); but the latter is recorded, and the former not. On the vexed question of trial by jury our author sheds a fresh light. Of course we were aware that that palladium of our liberties was instituted by good King Alfred, together with counties, hundreds, tithings, and horn lanterns; but the following facts were new to us:—

1164. Thomas à Becket condemned by the Council of Clarendon: trial by jury perfected in England.
Becket condemned by an English jury.

From this one would gather that the Council of Clarendon was of the nature of a jury, and a "perfected" one to boot, in which capacity it condemned Becket. Whether this statement is founded on a confusion between Clarendon and Northampton we do not know; nor yet in what this process of perfection consisted, for though the phrase "duodecim legales homines" occurs in the Constitutions of Clarendon, these were the old kind of jury who decided upon their own knowledge, and not on the evidence of other witnesses.

In 1529 we read:—

Diet of Spices against the Huguenots: the Reformers first termed Protestants.
the courageous Lutherans defend the truth.

Twice is the name of Huguenot, which was peculiar to Geneva and France, and commonly confined to Calvinists, and never current till the Conspiracy of Amboise in 1560, thus used as a convertible term for a German Lutheran.

None of these are what would be considered matters of much importance; an error of a century in that period known as "the Heptarchy" counts in popular estimation for as little as a year or even a month in later times. But in books of this class the utmost accuracy and clearness are necessary. How are the unfortunate children who are made to learn them painfully by rote, under the guidance of masters or governesses who know the book they teach out of and nothing else, to correct a false date or a carelessly worded statement? It is piteous to think of the retentive memory of a child being wasted upon the antiquity of the Freemasons, or worse than wasted upon a muddle-headed account of the Council of Clarendon, false alike to law and history. Dr. Mackay's work may easily become popular, because it crowds an enormous number of facts into a small space, and because a collection of dates made with any reasonable approach to accuracy cannot very well help being useful; but as a technical memory we have seen better, and the short discourses which head each set of facts or dates are written in that intensely solemn style which may perhaps suit Scotland, but which would cause any one south of the Tweed to forget them as soon as read, or indeed to skip them at once, if not under *duress* from pastors and masters.

THE THREE BROTHERS.*

IT is with a certain feeling of gratitude that we undertake the reading of a book such as the *Three Brothers*. In the dreary flood of unlikely circumstances and next to impossible characters, of all imaginable crimes and of more than human virtues, through which the critic has to wade in his vocation, a book which has real stuff in it, and deals with the likelihoods of human life and character in a rational manner, is a godsend, and runs the risk perhaps of getting more praise than it would have were the general tone of light literature raised and the standard of relative measurement higher. Since Mrs. Gaskell's death Mrs. Oliphant may be considered almost at the head of the second-class lady-writers, George Eliot remaining the one unequalled representative of the first class. Mrs. Oliphant has, as Mrs. Gaskell had, that rare union of strength and sweetness, of purity and courage, of boldness in dealing with the problems of life and tenderness in handling them; and, like Mrs. Gaskell, she every now and then

touches perfection, and as often falls below herself. Could she keep to the level of her best efforts all through, George Eliot would no longer be alone in the first class, but she lacks just the sustaining power which this other has, and so fails of attaining as high a place. And it is because her work is so excellent in its best parts, and so pleasant even in its worst, that we have the right to judge it a little hardly when it falls below the mark at which we feel sure it might have been kept throughout had she been more severe on herself, or had she given herself more time, or forbore to write when not at her best, or done or left undone something within her power. It is by no necessity of unalterable circumstances when Mrs. Oliphant is imperfect in her work, and she must accept this as a truth, if a hard one, and act on it. We trust to her future profit.

It seems to us that Mrs. Oliphant in her *Three Brothers* has followed somewhat on the track of Miss Thackeray's idea of recasting old fairy stories in the mould of modern life. The three Renton boys who by their father's will are sent out into the world to seek their fortunes are very like the typical three of the old nursery stories. And though none of them falls in with a White Cat, nor yet with a dog so small that he will lie in a hazel nut, nor a web of linen so fine that it will go into a millet seed, yet they do nevertheless fulfil their appointed destinies in an odd, independent, and somewhat roundabout way, and get lost in the wide world in a manner more suggestive of legendary times than of days wherein railroads, telegrams, the police, and a penny-post are at every one's command. Again, though a good idea for a story, it is scarcely a likely thing to have happened in an ordinary English county family that three young men who had been brought up in the "lap of luxury," as the saying is, should suddenly on their father's death find themselves reduced to two hundred a year each, for seven years, as a test of their worth and to prove of what metal they were made. This may be hypercritical on our part, but Mrs. Oliphant has succeeded so wonderfully in the delineation of quite natural and unstrained events that we are jealous of anything which looks like an abandonment of her proper simple style for a more stirring but less solid kind of storytelling. But the unlikelihood of the circumstance must be forgiven for the sake of the interest which she so artistically brings to its culmination when, the seven years passed, the family once more assembles beneath the old paternal roof to hear the will read and the fate of all decided. What that fate is we leave the reader to discover for himself.

The *Three Brothers* abounds with bright and sparkling bits, and is full of keen observation as well as of a genial and kindly philosophy. The character of Laurence—lazy Laurie as he is called, sweet-natured, drifting, amiable, artistic, but unpractical and without definite aim or conscious energy—is perhaps the most carefully drawn; if Frank the young Guardsman, more selfish than his brothers, more worldly and less worthy, is the most lifelike. His character is indeed marvellously lifelike, such as one meets with every day, and yet not commonplace nor vulgar; just a fairly amiable, selfish man of the world, always a gentleman but never a hero, incapable of doing a vile action yet not up to the measure of a grand one. Of course love plays a large part in the history of the three young men, and they all love in a rather original manner; but the least pleasing and the least likely is the love affair of Ben Renton, the eldest brother, who goes down into the depths with a plunge and stays there for six months and more. It is scarcely in accordance with the determination and common sense with which he is elsewhere credited that he should have given in so madly and so suddenly to a love which after all had nothing in it, and for a woman of such transparent worthlessness. Had Millicent been a grade less respectable, and the relations between her and Ben been on a warmer if more questionable basis, it would have been more intelligible perhaps; but it comes with a certain sense of discord when such a man as Ben Renton abandons everything—family, energy, hope, his own youth, and every particle of manly reason—for the vaguest and most intangible flirtation with a pretty girl above stairs. Millicent Tracy and her mother were such evident humbugs, and the old woman's craft was so unveiled, that Ben, who was fairly wide awake in those days, must have seen through them, even though his eyes were touched with that wondrous juice which once transformed an ass's head into a "gentle joy," and both before and since has been the great Thaumaturgus of the world. However, as it all comes right in the end we must not quarrel with what was only an episode in his life, and faded out of being, leaving no mark behind. But to go back to Laurie.

When they all leave home for the finding of their fortunes, Laurie, who had been brought up to no profession, but had an amateur's love for art, resolves on making himself an artist. "He had been one of those trying boys who have no particular bent one way or another; a bright, intelligent, indolent, inaccurate lad, utterly incapable of dates or facts in general, but full of social qualities, good-natured, tender-hearted, ready to do anything for anybody." He could draw a little, and had travelled a little, and he had drifted into an artist set to whom he took kindly; he was proud to call himself a "poor painter"; "and alas! a poor painter in the literal sense of the words Laurie was," for he had no genius, only talent, "a tender, amiable, pleasant little talent, which would have led him into verses had his turn been literary." But, being artistic, it led him into paints and canvases—into big canvases—with Edith finding the body of Harold sketched in chalk thereon, but never destined to progress beyond

* *The Three Brothers*. By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "Salem Chapel," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

the chalk. And it led him to the house of Mrs. Severn, or *la padrona* as she is generally styled, who lived in Fitzroy Square, where she supported her children by her art, and where Laurie gets a footing that he does not afterwards lose. *La padrona* is a well-conditioned, busy, bright little widow, of something less than middle age, of matronly development and an excellent heart, the mother of a small brood of which Alice, a girl of sixteen with a flower face and a cascade of golden curls, is the eldest and the darling. With this pleasant little widow Laurie contracts a friendship, intimate and tender, so tender indeed that it melts into love before he is aware. All this episode is excellently told, and the padrona's half-tender reluctance to part with her young and winsome lover, yet her matronly disdain of such an assumption, her natural pride in this latest blossoming out of life, this last homage paid to her womanhood, and her maternal affection raising her above the weaknesses it implied, all this is both true to the life and beautifully portrayed. It is the most natural and the best told of all the love affairs, and though the situation may seem doubtful in the crude outline which alone we can give, the whole working-in is so delicate and so likely that no one can be offended or feel the ground too questionable to be gone over. But we cannot understand why *la padrona*, who was a vivacious little woman with a will of her own and a clear insight into life, should have suffered her daughter to marry Frank at all; so young as they were—not to speak of marrying him after so short an acquaintance, and for the terrible life of India to follow. Alice was but sixteen, and a mere child in all things; Frank was barely twenty-one; the term of probation was for seven years; at the end of it they would not be very old, and at sixteen and twenty-one marriage and a life in India away from home and all home friends, away from maternal aid and advice, do not seem quite the right thing for a girl who only yesterday was a mere child with all her golden curls about her neck. Still, girls of sixteen and boys of twenty-one do marry and go out to India like a couple of babies hand in hand, though, fortunately for society, the event is rare; just as wise men in dingy lodgings fall in love with a fair-faced witch upstairs, and see nothing of the heartlessness and intrigue patent to the dullest outsider. So that Mrs. Oliphant is by no means beyond the lines of possibility, if a little over those of conventional probability.

Of all the people of the story Mary Westbury, the cousin of the three brothers, is next to Frank in lifelikeness. For seven years, while the boys were away seeking their fortunes, she had remained with her aunt, attending on her as none but herself or a daughter would have done. And attending on Mrs. Renton, for all there was a family coach in which she took a daily drive, for all she might have a fire in her bedroom and wine at luncheon and dinner, was no sinecure. It was, to say the least of it, a horribly monotonous life; and Mary felt that for the seven years of probation she had done nothing but drive in "the most comfortable of family coaches with her aunt by her side and a bottle of medicine in the pocket of the carriage"—Mrs. Renton being an invalid of a certain selfish and self-indulgent order, by no means rare. But then Mary was kept up by the thought of Ben and his return, knowing nothing positive, if fearing a great deal, of the witch who had ensnared him. The scene where the will is read is capitally done. But would an old general like Mrs. Tracy have insisted on remaining where she was so evidently *de trop*? Granting her desire to know the exact state of things, would she have hazarded so much of the future, supposing matters had turned out as she had hoped? The special picture of the breakfast-table is better for the presence of the two *intrigantes*, but it is at the expense of the whole act. Then we must take exception to a certain phrase which seems to us inharmonious in its coupling; "the eye of an eagle and the spring of a giant" do not go well together. If, however, these are the largest faults we have to point out in the book, we have not done much in the way of adverse criticism; and the novel-reading public may feel satisfied respecting this latest issue of one of their best and favourite writers, and look forward to no small pleasure in its perusal.

BEESLY'S TACITUS.*

BEFORE Messrs. Church and Brodribb, the efficient translators of the *Historie*, *Agricola*, and *Germany*, have found leisure to complete their work by an equally good translation of the *Annals* of Tacitus, a new candidate for the honour of translating the untranslatable enters the lists in the person of Mr. Beesly, of Wadham College. The ambition is creditable, the field open, the subject inviting, and worth the oil and toil. No writer of English history or biography can be the worse for profoundly studying the secret of the charm of Tacitus—that pregnant brevity which involves so much, and necessitates such close attention to attain thorough mastery of his drift; and no study can be so profound as that practical and experimental insight which is gained by actual translation. Of our translations of the *Annals* that by Gordon alone is anywhere worthy of the name; and he, besides being old-fashioned and stiff, is apt occasionally to go wrong as regards interpretation, and oftener still to run into the error of diffuseness, a vice which is clean contrary to the crowning virtue of the style of Tacitus. And as to subject, we can

conceive few more interesting than that of the *Annals*—especially those two books of them which Mr. Beesly has taken in hand, and which comprehend the first six years of the reign of Tiberius; a period extending over a far larger space of time than the extant books of the *Historie*, as well as affording to the annalist ampler material for displaying genius and tact in condensation and arrangement. One might be excused for envying Mr. Beesly the leisure and the vocation which admit of his lingering over the dramatic scenes, the poetic descriptions, and the profound and pregnant reflections, which rapidly succeed each other as Tacitus illustrates the early reign of Tiberius, with that dark enigma of an Emperor and his hypocritical Senate for figures in the background, while the high-spirited Germanicus and his intrepid consort Agrippina, or the German Arminius, a grand portrait of barbarian virtue, are continually to the front. The mutiny of the legions in Pannonia and on the Rhine, with the share of Drusus and Germanicus in quelling either; the disasters of the army of the latter—twice repeated—by sea, and the barren honour of his victories wrung from the Germans by land, supply a backbone to the First Book, to which the skilful historian has added body and substance in his accounts of the young general's popular acts, and his visit to the scene of Varus's disaster near the forest of Teutoburg, six years after its date, and in his graphic sketch of the stress to which the Roman arms were at times reduced, and of the indomitable courage which hewed a way out of the nets within which the enemy had to all appearance hopelessly enclosed them. And ever and anon, as a sort of relief to foreign wars, we are led back to the seat of empire, to note with what jealous suspicion the conspicuous part which Germanicus played abroad was regarded at home by his imperial uncle and sire. The Second Book, again, has its peculiar attraction in the episodic dispute (or, as Dean Merivale calls it, the Homeric dialogue) between the brothers—mercenary and patriot—Flavius and Arminius; and the romantic night-adventure of Germanicus, recalling to the mind the rambles of Haroun Al-Raschid in the *Arabian Nights*; to say nothing of the elaborate, if partial, portraits of Germanicus and Arminius, or the details of the victory on the plains of the Weser, which ended the last campaign of the former, and resulted in the sentimental advantage of recovering the last of the Varian eagles. This is a tolerable bill of fare; but while we hesitate not to say that few fields of history or biography offer more attractions, we may take leave to doubt—although Mr. Beesly's professed aim is to write what may be read with something of the interest of an English history—whether it is worth any reader's while to read the *Annals* of Tacitus in English simply for the history or biography. Tacitus was obviously a partisan, and so highly or darkly, as the case may be, does he colour his pictures of men and actions that, for a candid picture of the period with which they are concerned, the English reader will be wise to have recourse to Dr. Merivale's 42nd and 43rd chapter of the *History of the Romans under the Empire*; more especially as almost every striking passage of the annalist is represented by him with such faithfulness as in effect serves every end of a translation. In truth the study of his style is the main encouragement to familiarity with Tacitus; and it cannot fail to present to the student of language and diction a problem of more or less interest, and may possibly compensate a diligent inquirer by results of permanent value to his own style and composition. With an eye to this study Mr. Beesly's work must be regarded. He doubts indeed "whether any English translation could preserve the sense, and at the same time successfully imitate the artificial simplicity and Virgilian phraseology of a style which is at once epigrammatic, rhetorical, and poetic, unless it could contrive to combine harmoniously the characteristics of Gibbon with those of Mr. Kinglake and Mr. Carlyle." But the remark which he makes almost immediately afterwards, as to the number of passages in any English historian which in point of structure of the sentences might pass for translation, seems to us only to prove how powerful has ever been the influence of a knowledge of Latin literature upon English composition, and how much we have been, and must ever be, indebted for effectiveness and character of style to the ancients we have elected to imitate.

Before, however, entering upon the question how far Mr. Beesly achieves the one object for which alone we can conceive the translation of the *Annals* to be worth attempting, let us say that he has approached his task with abundant scholarship, much store of parallel and illustration, and a desire to assist his reader's geographical knowledge which has borne fruit in very accurate marginal information as to the modern names of places and rivers. With the correctness of his translations in the text we have no fault to find, and perhaps it is hardly fair to notice the ill success of his second thoughts as they find vent in his footnotes. Yet surely it was a mistake, after correctly rendering "*recentibus odiis compositæ sunt*" (I. 1) "*was narrated under the influence of still rankling detestation*," to suggest at the bottom of the page that *compositæ* may mean "*distorted*," which it could only come to mean by a roundabout or indirect process strangely in defiance of the genius of language. So, again, it is a pity that in c. 5 Mr. Beesly has not rested content with rendering the parenthetical clause "*adubum an quesitâ morte*" "*whether by his own hand or not was uncertain*," and forborne to hazard a speculation that the words may mean "*and it was suspected that he met with foul play*." But, as we have said, this hesitation does not affect the text of his translation.

* The *Annals* of Tacitus. Books I. and II. Translated into English, with Notes and Marginal Analysis of the Chapters. By A. H. Beesly, M.A., late Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

We do not, however, think that, allowing for the justice of much which Mr. Beesly has to urge touching the impossibility of systematically imitating Tacitus's style, he has altogether gone as far as he might have gone in approximating to what clearly ought to have been his ideal. Herein it strikes us that the translators to whom we referred at the outset have decidedly surpassed him. For example, Tacitean ambiguity does not usually arise from any awkwardness in the arrangement of words, and yet in the translation before us we have stumbled upon several marked cases of faulty collocation of words and clauses. In the fourth chapter of the First Book, which describes the state of feeling at Rome towards the end of the reign of Augustus, occurs the sentence, "Pars multo maxima imminentes dominos variis rumoribus differant;" and on looking to see how it is rendered we read, "Most people by far, were engaged in pulling to pieces the reputation of the masters who were soon to rule over them by every sort of scandal." Of course the most obvious fault here is in punctuation; and a glance will show that the brevity of the original has departed from the translation. But over and above these defects another arises from dislocating "variis rumoribus" in the English from the equivalent for "differant," its natural and proper neighbour—the ablative of the cause or instrument from the verb on which it intimately depends. In like manner, in c. 39 of the First Book, the words "Ac ni aquilifer Calpurnius vim extremam arcuisset, rarum etiam inter hostes, legatus populi Romani Romanis in castris sanguine suo altaria deum commaculavisset," suffer a diminution of force in translation through Mr. Beesly's departure from the Tacitean collocation of the words, which he renders, "And had not the standard-bearer, Calpurnius, saved him from the worst of their violence, the blood of a commissioner of the Roman people would have stained the altar of the gods in a Roman camp, a thing of rare occurrence even among foes." We submit that clearness would have been consulted by taking the parenthetical clause, "rarum . . . hostes," in its original place. Of a somewhat different kind is the awkwardness perceptible in a sentence of the seditious harangue of the ringleader of mutineers in Pannonia, Percennius—namely, "Hinc vestem, arma, tentoria, hinc sevitiæ centurionum et vacationes munerum redimi" (I. 17). "And even out of that they had to provide not only their arms, their clothes, their tents, but to buy off the brutality of their officers and their leaves of absence." No scholar need be reminded that the verb "emi" is to be supplied in sense after "tentoria," and to be regarded as contained in "redimi" which follows, by the figure called "zeugma." But a little care and study of neatness in style should have guarded a scholar who is quite alive to the Latin construction from marring the sentence by putting "not only" after instead of before "provide," and so creating obscurity where there was neither occasion nor excuse for it.

Again, although we are prepared by Mr. Beesly's prefatory manifesto for a resort to amplification where terse translation fails to bring out the sense, we are disposed to resent the needless introduction of superabundant words and figures which, though probably designed to serve for ornament, assuredly widen the gulf between the original and its copy. Why on earth should "Permissa vulgo licentia atque ultio et satietas" (I. 49) reappear as "Riot, revenge, and carnage stalked abroad unchecked"; "aversante undâ" (I. 70) be rendered "as the remorseless wave rolled on"; or "arserit cunctaque corripuerit" (I. 73) be converted into "burst into a blaze shrivelling up everything before it." In each of these cases a new idea is grafted on the original, though plain English would have been more telling than bootless tricks of amplification; nor is it easy to see why, in translating the concluding words of the sentence, "et magnâ spe fore ut Germanicus Cæsar imperium alterius pati nequiret, daretque se legionibus vi sua cuncta tracturis" (I. 31), the cant phrase of "becoming sole masters of the situation" should have been preferred to the closer and not less expressive English idiom of "carrying everything their own way." Here and there, in perusing this translation, we have fancied that Mr. Gordon's translation may have been referred to as an occasional guide; if so, it would have been well had his practice in reference to approximation to the Latin sense been more constantly copied. The minutiae we have noted would scarcely have called for observation had the original been a less memorable master of style, but translators of Tacitus tread on dangerous ground, and can hardly expect compliments unless they reproduce their author with exactness and dignity. And dignity is certainly not consulted in a translation where "exuto Lepido" (I. 2) comes out as "now that Lepidus was shelled," "interrupto tumultu" as "in a lull in the hubbub" (25), "circumiri tentoria" (28) "the round of the tents was gone," "includi legatos" (42) "ambassadors mobbed," and "accedebant muliebres offensiones" (I. 33), "he was also involved in women's squabbles." Gordon may be too diffuse in rendering this last phrase, "The animosities too between the ladies administered fresh fuel"; but from Mr. Beesly's version it might, without much strain of imagination, be inferred that Germanicus had a knack of acting as bottle-holder when a couple of women fell a-fighting.

In justice to Mr. Beesly it must be allowed that there are exceptional chapters and passages where his good genius has enabled him to render his author fittingly and successfully. Of these we may mention, among others, the 61st chapter of the First Book, which describes Germanicus's visit to the scene of the Varian disaster; the 63rd chapter, wherein the military operations of the

Roman and German commanders are well and technically translated; the chapter (I. 40) which gives the account of Germanicus sending away his wife and child from the mutinous camp at "Ara Ubiorum," and that (I. 69) which narrates Agrippina's conduct at a critical moment for the arms of Rome, and the effect which it had on the sinister mind of Tiberius. Good too are several chapters in the Second Book, amongst the best those which are devoted to the characters of Germanicus (II. 73) and Arminius (II. 88). Two shorter samples of this translation in its better parts may fitly conclude our notice. The first, from I. 11, takes back to the date of Tiberius the "use of language to conceal one's thoughts" (plus in oratione . . . ambiguum magis implicabatur). "The sentiments of such a speech were more dignified than sincere; and the language of Tiberius, always either from nature or habit equivocal or enigmatic, even in matters which he did not disguise, now above all, when he was trying his utmost to conceal his sentiments, was shrouded still deeper in vagueness and mystery." The second is a brief but striking note of determined mutiny and disaffection, from the close of the 32nd chapter of Book I. ("Id. milites animos . . . constantiâ ut regi crederet.") "To the more attentive observer of the temper of the soldier this was the clearest indication of a widespread and obstinate ferment, that not separately or at a few persons' instigation, but as one man, they flamed into fury, as one man were mute, with such perfect uniformity and regularity that you might fancy it was at the word of command."

If Mr. Beesly continues his translation of the *Annals*, he will do well to cultivate more evenness of execution.

A WINTER JOURNEY TO ROME AND BACK.*

WHATEVER the theological results of the Vatican Council, it has yielded a fair harvest to writers and publishers. It has given opportunity for phrasemaking that has not been neglected by the purveyors of our literature, as the painful experience of the public can attest. We are not grateful for Mr. Evill's confidences, and it is hard on exhausted readers that the foolishness of an average tourist should be printed merely because he happened to hurry to Naples and back between the twenty-fourth of November and the twenty-second of December, 1869, taking Rome by the way. We have no particular objection to the worthy creature; he avoids slang, and does not imitate either Sterne or Sala. Probably he is not responsible for the title of his book, which raises expectations unfulfilled by the contents. Even the British reader will hardly accept him as the intelligent traveller so long expected who is to explain all this Roman affair and account for Papal vagaries. Mr. Evill leaves home and returns to it with the like unconsciousness of any but "Gospel Truth." Eager as we are to have credible news of the Vatican backstairs and the Papal laundry, it is mortifying to be put off with the old stories of pious pantomimes, tawdry cardinals, beggars, and other well-known furniture of the mediæval village that has rooted itself among the seven hills. We turn to the chapter headed "Objects of the Council," and find half a page of quoted assurances from an Irish ecclesiastic that all things were to be made agreeable to everybody. Nothing more; oh dear, no. But we will not lament Mr. Evill's abstinence from prophecy and controversy on the subject, and we congratulate him on his discreet "*nous verrons*." He is a very merciful and tolerant censor of all the "shocking, absurdities" of Rome; and at first sight there seems hardly more silliness in his book than was to be expected. Why silliness is as a rule to be expected, however, opens to the student of modern manners one or two curious questions. We will introduce Mr. W. Evill, and explain why we are decidedly interested in his ingenuous narrative.

"It was" his "favoured lot in the compass of one short month, without accident or hindrance and in defiance of winter snows, to cross and recross the Alpine barrier, and to traverse the classic land throughout its breadth and length"; he "visited its most renowned cities and most romantic spots," he "wandered entranced through its art galleries, meditated in its majestic temples, and mused amid its ruins." His "sketches" have excited interest in his domestic circle, and we can imagine that the introduction of them "as it were" to a larger audience has completed the satisfaction of the adventurous traveller. We will not grumble when Mr. Evill buttonholes us to relate how he was lost in "rapture unspeakable," on the Lake of Como, how while "on the wing" somewhere between Colico and Milan Cathedral he was "intoxicated and wild with beauty." The story of his excursion commands our attention, not as a record of what he did, but of what he was.

Universal information and improved locomotion, the crowning glories of our age, have undoubtedly dulled the excitements of travel, and Italy is a goldfield nearly exhausted, though below the ordinary tourist exploration there still lie hidden mines of interest. Few persons could be less prepared for digging than comfortable Mr. Evill, but that is exactly why he is valuable as a specimen of what well-to-do and civilized Englishmen are when out for a holiday. As in new combinations of matter new and appropriate organisms appear, so in new habits of tourism new varieties of the human kind are developed so original as to be worth noting. We have had occasion frequently to observe

* *A Winter Journey to Rome and Back.* By William Evill. London: Edward Stanford. 1870.

the anxious sort of excursionist verifying his guide-book with the same interest as he would verify his ledger, and finding in that the chief delight of his tour; of the Ruskinized struggler among mountain glories, with mountain gloom on his countenance, as he finds that to him a gentian is a gentian still. We have been sorry for the tired souls and the vacant faces that labour so conscientiously at admiration in Italian churches and galleries. These varieties of travellers have perhaps always existed, though until lately they were comparatively rare. But there is a new evil under the sun which appears to have come of the popularization of art and the habit of indiscriminate reading. Of the mental and moral weakness shown by Mr. Evill and his fellows what shall be said? Few things are more suggestive of the results to which the fatal facility for doing everything is bringing us, than the way in which the tourist masses drift by through routes into countries of which they have read enough to hinder any genuine thought. Italy is perhaps the most dangerous of "classical" traps for the disturbed intelligences that have suffered from Crystal Palace art and bookstall literature, and Mr. Evill was caught in it, so that we will make bold to say he had not, while most vehement in his conventional raptures, one original thought or feeling about the statues, pictures, or buildings he saw. If he allowed himself to receive a genuine impression, he has not ventured to record it in his hundred and sixty pages. He tells us that he revels and exults and trembles and marvels and muses and mourns still as he recalls to memory his tour. Not a bit of it. From certain indications in his own account of himself, together with our general knowledge of tourists, we have reason to doubt whether Mr. Evill ever received satisfaction from the beauty of a statue or the colour of a picture or the proportions of a building. The enjoyments of his journey came of that mechanical verification of his knowledge which is one of the most effectual preventives of any further benefit from travelling. Educated just to the point of knowing what Lord Byron, "Poor Shelley," "Poor Keats," and others had said about their impressions, and very much pleased to have had energy enough to scamper to Naples and home again, Mr. Evill perhaps believes that the Coliseum or the "Dying Gladiator" affected him, and delusions such as these are the bane of modern travellers; as an Englishman is perhaps more industrious and conscientious than another, he is more absorbed in recalling all he ought to know and feel than the less duteous foreigner. What a weight on his mind must then be the South Kensington Museum and all the art and science made easy in which he has been brought up!

In Mr. Evill's book there are not many gross errors of fact, but we should have welcomed a hearty blunder or an honest specimen of ignorance which would have freed us from the haunting presence of guide-books. There is in all his criticisms that dull and complacent wrongness, however, only to be attained by modern processes of intellectual stultification. We began to hope for even a good outburst of Protestantism as a relief, and some English infallibility to hold in check Roman pretensions; but our tourist was in charge of a "gifted friend" of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and does his No Popery politely, even apologizing if he has inadvertently trodden on Pius IX.'s toes. Besides, he knew he was bound to be "appalled" by the "ineffable splendour" of St. Peter's "Cathedral," and he even condescended to approve the devotion of some Zouaves in the "Minerva basilica," wherever that may be. When he writes on the ceremonies and pious practices at Rome, Mr. Evill is hardly sufficiently aggressive to be amusing. He hedges his descriptions of "Drury Lane costumes," of the "dronings and tinklings" that accompany mass, of "Merry Andrew" penitents, and the like, by an appeal to his reader to agree with him that "the Catholic Church has something about it more than human." Perhaps he would infer that it is "Satanic"; but it would seem not, as he, in the name, we presume, of his fellow-worshippers at S. Saviour's, Battersea, thanks the Roman authorities for taking care of the catacombs. We have tried to discover where Mr. Evill draws the line and fixes the dates which decide the credibility of relics. He is contemptuous of some objects held in veneration by the faithful. Yet not all "revered dust" is despicable, and the treasures of S. Clemente meet his approval, while the Manger of Santa Maria Maggiore, the Scala Santa, and other relics brought from the East, are to him absurd. He found an argument on the second table of S. John Lateran, even when he laughs at the tradition which has hallowed it. It would appear that Mr. Evill does not believe in any means of transit, even by *petite vitesse*, in those "early Christian" times peculiarly appropriated by English believers. We have before now had reason to suspect that very confused notions exist about those ancestors of the Battersea faithful, and we have observed a tendency to fancy them simple and uncultivated savages, whose chief merit was their pure Protestant creed and freedom from all Popish superstition. But it is not in theological, but in æsthetic, regions that our representative tourist revels. It is in the great curiosity-shops of the Uffizzi and the Vatican that he pursues most eagerly his art of Murray-verification. The actual life of Italy does not gain a glance from him; nothing concerns him but what he can in some way connect with the crude mass of general knowledge which, unassimilated, creates the worst kind of ignorance. Even his description of the opening of the Council, a sufficiently unusual event, is but a collection of phrases, the echoes of public opinion, which, in Mr. Evill's as in so many other cases, has reduced its votary to imbecility. It comes easy to him to be eloquent among the monuments sung

by Childe Harold, and catalogued by Murray. He enthusiastically discovers the Coliseum and the Laocoon. He generally puts his notes of admiration in the right places, but here and there he commits himself to a fatal originality not of thought—of that he is incapable—but of misplaced epithets. When the "magnificent colossal statues" under the dome of St. Peter's "thrill" him equally with the other marble glories of which he writes, we have a glimpse of the æsthetic soul which probably could not distinguish between the "Moses" of the Lost Property Office at Sydenham and the "Moses" of S. Pietro-in-Vincoli, were they to change places. At Milan our tourist's greater delight in the "Reading Girl" of Magni than in Raffaele's "Sposalizio" is apparent; his enthusiasm appears to have been roused because "it was one of the great attractions of the International Exhibition of 1862." One startling criticism Mr. Evill allows himself, but it is traceable to Dean Alford. Of Raffaele's "Transfiguration" he says—"In the design all creature interposition between sinful sorrowing man and Him who alone can heal and forgive is distinctly condemned." Is the same divine responsibility for Mr. Evill's opinion of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment"—"the subject is too solemn and terrible for the mere triflings of art"?

We should ask the pardon or our readers for troubling them even thus far with Mr. Evill's opinions, if we had not wished to draw their attention to some phenomena of tourism. We doubt if even in his bodily health he was benefited by his exertions. In an economical point of view his trip was a waste of capital which is wanted at home, and for which we see no return, unless indeed the author of a *Journey to Rome* thinks that the glory he has achieved is worth all it has cost, and finds contentment in the thought. As for his personal enjoyments, we think he might secure them equally by visits to our own various emporiums of art and antiquity, taking with him his most copious books of reference, and a "gifted friend" to preserve his equanimity when tried by "Romanism."

We do not wish to dwell on the fact that Mr. Evill's narrative was in the form of popular lectures. There are in our day several disagreeable warnings of intellectual decadence, and excessive tourism may have something to do with it; but if this particular specimen of tourist literature really pleased any considerable "circles," our prophets of evil may be right, and at some calculable period the last Englishman may be exhibited to an inquiring Slav as a pitiable curiosity of the so-called Aztec sort.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. DALL'S account of the late purchase of the United States in North-Western America, the territory known as Alaska* (otherwise called Yukon, from the great river that runs throughout almost its entire length, from the frozen wastes bordering on the Arctic Ocean into Behring's Straits), is one of those semi-official works which form so peculiar and so valuable a portion of American literature. There is scarcely any region of the vast empire into which the original Thirteen Provinces have expanded which has not been at one time or another thoroughly explored by expeditions carefully organized under the direction of the Federal Government; its area mapped out, its resources examined by men selected for their scientific and practical acquaintance with the subject of inquiry, and its condition and advantages as a field of enterprise and immigration systematically recorded in volumes too bulky and too elaborate in detail to interest the general reader, but admirably calculated to assist and inform the intending settler. It would be no very difficult task to compile from a collection of such works a practical guide to the adventurer or the emigrant, which should acquaint him with the climate and the character of each of the great natural divisions of the American territory, its geography, its attractions and its disadvantages, and the prospect it affords to different branches of industry. A guide of this nature would be of infinite service to the thousands who yearly seek a new home in the Far West under every disadvantage of ignorance, and with every probability of disappointment and misfortune arising from a total unacquaintance with those newer regions of the continent in which there is really a great unsatisfied demand for labour and an almost unlimited field for enterprise. One consequence of this ignorance is a tendency to remain in the older and more settled States, where the labour-market is crowded with the refuse of the immigration, and subject to fluctuations hardly less trying than those of European industries. Hundreds, too, who do not now emigrate because they know little of America save its vast agricultural resources, might advantageously be directed to regions where mining skill and industry, and certain forms of scientific knowledge, are in constant demand, and offer a certainty of ample remuneration to the steady workman, and tempting chances of brilliant success to exceptional capacity. Certainly Alaska is about the last place that would attract an immigrant from the temperate climates of Europe. It is a thoroughly Arctic country, with no temptations for the agriculturist, and with very limited mineral resources, among which its seams of coal are likely to prove the most valuable. But the first part of Mr. Dall's volume, which relates his own experiences and

* *Alaska and its Resources.* By William H. Dall, Director of the Scientific Corps of the late Western Union Telegraph Expedition. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

adventures as an explorer, and describes the habits and occupations of the native tribes, is full of interest for the general reader. The author was unexpectedly placed at the head of the Scientific Department of the expedition to which he was attached, and in that capacity traversed a considerable part of the more habitable regions of Alaska. He is a close, intelligent, and careful observer, and has evidently studied most attentively everything in the life of the native races that could throw light on their probable origin and affinities. He not only describes minutely their manners and customs, their social habits and usages, their superstitions, their various festivals, their modes of hunting and fishing, their dwellings, their dress, their weapons and utensils; but his book is illustrated by drawings of all the more remarkable of the articles described, which add greatly to its interest and lucidity. For instance, we have a sketch of the fire-drill of the Innuits, in which we discover the identical instrument which is in use among nations scattered at indefinite distances over a great part of the globe—the pointed drill worked by bow and string—the principle of which is again adopted in almost the same form, but for totally different purposes, in some of our own workshops. We find a drawing of the kayak, now familiar to us as the canoe recently introduced on our lakes and rivers, in which for centuries past the Arctic hunter has trusted himself on the ocean, in all weathers, in pursuit of the seal, the whale, and the walrus, and which realizes in the simplest and easiest manner conditions of safety and lightness which civilized boat-builders failed to achieve. There is a sketch of an Inuit grave or coffin which is, we should think, almost unique in character, as the impossibility of penetrating the ground to any depth, which led to its use, is exceptional. The strange customs of the people—particularly those feasts on which an Inuit will spend, like a Hindoo on a marriage festival, the savings of a lifetime, but which have this superiority over the Hindoo ceremony, that the lavish generosity of the host is displayed not in wasteful indulgence but in gifts of real and permanent utility to his guests—are explained with minute care and accuracy, and are at once deeply interesting and curiously suggestive. The resemblances and distinctions of character and usages between the Indians and the Innuits or Esquimaux, the latter being apparently as superior in moral nature as they are inferior in warlike spirit and daring enterprise to the Red Man, are also carefully brought out. The Fur Trade is the subject of a chapter which may at no distant date possess an historical or antiquarian interest, if American notions of liberty and *laissez faire* repeal, as they almost certainly will do, the stringent restrictions placed by Russian rulers on the greed and improvidence of individuals for the preservation of the fur-bearing animals and of the tribes which depend on them for sustenance. We cannot but fear that, in handing them over to a Government which from its very nature cannot be paternal in its rule, Russia has inflicted a grave injury on a people whose virtues every Arctic traveller has recognised, and in whose fate every reader of Mr. Dall's work must take an interest.

Mr. Keim, who accompanied Sheridan's force "on the borders" in some of its operations against the native tribes who in 1868 broke out into open war against the white man's intrusions on the limited territory reserved to them in the interior of the West, gives a narrative*, in the true style of a New York newspaper Correspondent, of a winter campaign against the Indians. Like most Americans—like all, we fear, who have had anything to do with them, whether in trade or in war, as neighbours in constant dread of their sudden outbreaks and unsparring ferocity, or as soldiers exasperated by the cruelties endured and committed in a struggle mitigated by none of the humaner usages of war—the author regards the doom of the Red Men as inevitable and near at hand, and hardly pretends to regret the necessity of the extermination he so surely anticipates. Why the Americans, in possession of ten times more land than they can cultivate for generations to come, should persist in pressing upon the Indian reserves, and scattering themselves along a frontier where they must be sure at once to tempt the greed and to come into collision with the temper of the savages, it might not be easy to show; that they will do so, that a Republican government cannot undertake to restrain them, and that Indian wars will be the result, and extermination the ultimate consequence, there can be no serious doubt. A paternal despotism might succeed on the one hand in isolating the Indians, on the other in persuading them to a settled agricultural life; but this only mode of saving them from the contagion of white vices and the strangling pressure of white settlements is hardly in the power of the Federal Government; and works like Mr. Keim's show how certainly, when the white settler and the red hunter are near neighbours, insulating lawlessness on one side and savage passion on the other will provoke and exacerbate a quarrel which can only be appeased by the destruction of the weaker. The Pacific Railway has hastened the crisis, and forced the United States Government into more decided action at the same moment that it has stimulated the jealousy of the Indian to the utmost on account of his violated hunting-grounds. If the reader can forget the moral aspect of the question and accept Mr. Keim's little volume only as a narrative of frontier life, of prairie warfare, of soldierly daring, and of military skill and enterprise, it may pass for a lively record of exciting and daring adventure.

The Seat of Empire† is an account of a journey through the

* *Sheridan's Troopers on the Borders: a Winter Campaign on the Plains.* By De B. Randolph Keim. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffsinger. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

† *The Seat of Empire.* By Charles Carleton Coffin, "Carleton." Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

North-West, written with a special view to the justification of the theory which regards that region as the destined centre of American population and polity, and the future seat of national power, if not of the Federal Government.

*The Nation** is an essay in political philosophy, of which the object is to prove the national character of the American Government, and to deduce thence the sovereignty of the collective people, or rather of the Northern majority, in opposition to the doctrine of State rights upon which the Democratic party was founded, and upon which the statesmen and jurists of the South vindicated the constitutionality of secession. As the issue has been tried and decided in the field, these renewed attempts to sustain by argument the cause adjudged by the sword only suggest a conscious weakness on the part of the victorious section; as their line of reasoning, which either avoids, as in the present case, direct reference to the authority of history and of law, or is busied with efforts rather to explain away than to explain the meaning of those documents to which the other side appealed, is calculated to leave an impression on the uninformed reader that, *prima facie* at least, the South must have had right on her side. Such has certainly been the tendency of the argument so far as this country is concerned, where the idea that secession could possibly be a constitutional and not a revolutionary measure, or that the United States were not, like the United Kingdom, a single State with a composite title, was very slow in taking root even among the friends of the South. Since the war, the question has lost all interest for others than the students of political theory; and these, in the absence of anything like a reply to the able and candid exposition of Mr. Stephens, are hardly likely to be influenced by a work so vague, and so little directed to grapple with the real strength of the opposite argument, as *The Nation*.

Mr. F. Bowen's *American Political Economy*† is pervaded throughout by the idea unconsciously suggested by its title, that political economy is a science of local and national rather than of universal application, and that its laws and principles are not the same for the New World as for the Old. From the experience of the former he endeavours to disprove some of the doctrines most unanimously accepted by the economists of the latter; as, for instance, the Ricardo theory of Rent and the principle of Free-trade. On the former point he has misconceived the theory to which he objects, as well as the bearing on it of the facts which he alleges. In dealing with the latter he falls into the opposite error to that of the Free-traders, who conceive that when they have proved that Free-trade always leads to the increase of wealth, they have proved its universal and unconditional desirableness; he proves, as he thinks, that Free-trade, confining a nation to one great division of industry—agriculture or manufactures—tends to render it perilously dependent, and he appears to fancy that he has thereby disproved the allegation that such a nation is pecuniarily the gainer by Free-trade. It is for lack of making this distinction that any difference of opinion on the latter point is possible among reasonable men. For the rest, Mr. Bowen's mode of treatment is peculiarly adapted, by constant reference to American illustrations, to bring economic principles home to the practical American reader; and upon the great question of paper money he is particularly clear and sound, exposing with perfect lucidity the ruinously wasteful effects of what he correctly calls a forced loan—borrowing the money required by Government, unavowedly and indirectly, through the medium of an issue of depreciated paper. His brief and succinct sketch of the operation of Mr. Chase's financial policy is well worth the reader's attention.

Superstition and Force‡ is an unfortunate and misleading title for a work of very considerable and curious interest on some of the strangest and most tenacious of what might be called the mediæval superstitions of the law. Of these the author specially enumerates four—the Wager of Law, the Wager of Battle, the Ordeal, and the Torture. Under the first head he describes at great length, and with many curious facts and instances, the ancient practice out of which our trial by jury is said to have grown—the practice of calling a number of compurgators, varying with the gravity of the charge, to establish by oath the innocence of the accused. It is clear that the compurgators were not, and could not be, witnesses, except to character; and it is worthy of notice that they were in some cases required to be kinsmen. On the Wager of Battle he dilates more fully, giving instances of its antiquity, and a great variety of particulars respecting the limits and regulations under which it was allowed and enforced, the extent to which it prevailed, and the struggles which preceded its decadence and gradual abolition. The Ordeal—in itself an institution of much wider prevalence, which has indeed been adopted by all religions and nearly all nations, and the origin of which is somewhat less difficult of comprehension than that of the compurgation or the judicial combat—furnishes matter for the most interesting of all the essays, containing a minute account of several of its most

* *The Nation: the Foundations of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States.* By E. Mulford. New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

† *American Political Economy: including Strictures on the Management of the Currency and the Finances since 1861.* With a Chart showing the Fluctuations in the Price of Gold. By Francis Bowen, Alford Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity in Harvard College. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

‡ *Superstition and Force. Essays on the Wager of Law, the Wager of Battle, the Ordeal, Torture.* By Henry C. Lea. Second Edition, revised. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

remarkable forms, with their special application, and the curious rules by which they were governed. The chapter on Torture contains perhaps less that is novel or interesting; but altogether the work is full of curious information, and displays not a little labour and research.

Of the *American Annual Cyclopædia** we have spoken before; we need not, therefore, do more than call attention to the appearance of the volume for 1869, recording the principal occurrences of that year, and containing articles on the persons, places, or subjects, political, literary, or practical, that have become objects of interest during the last twelvemonth.

The *Traditions of Freemasonry*† are, to the profane and uninitiated, as great a mystery as any of its other secrets; nor are we sure that they will appear any less mysterious to the curious inquirer who shall have leisure and patience to give Mr. Pierson's book a more diligent and thorough perusal than we have done. That Freemasonry claimed an origin more ancient than that of any existing human society—unless it were the Jewish nation—had been generally understood, and we had a vague recollection that its pretensions extended to some sort of relation with the Temple of Solomon. We think we have heard that the assistants sent by Hiram were Freemasons. But Mr. Pierson carries back his traditions to the Desert, and even further; and, if we rightly understand him—for his language is such as befits his subject—he desires us to infer that when Moses became learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, the mysteries of Freemasonry were not the least important subject of his studies. We must, however, warn the reader who may be attracted by such high pretensions that he will find it not a little difficult to follow Mr. Pierson's meaning, and may at the last be at a loss to determine whether that meaning is purposely expressed in a style only intelligible to Freemasons, or whether by some oversight the compiler of the *Traditions* has omitted their meaning altogether.

A quaint book on personal and social habits bears the quaint title of the *Bazar Book of Decorum*‡. The "untutored" white man from the backwoods may learn from its pages what attentions to his person are needful to, qualify him for decent society, and how he is to behave when he has made his way thither. As for the ladies, we would fain hope that even in the backwoods they hardly stand in need of the carefully precise instructions with which they are equally favoured.

Among the books of this month we find a memoir of an American missionary employed in India—the Rev. Dr. Scudder§—which contains some strange and not uninteresting anecdotes of native misconceptions of European ideas, if indeed some of them do not owe their point to American misconception of native expressions and native character. We may also mention a story called *Lifting the Veil*||, an average specimen of an ordinary kind of minor religious fiction.

Mr. Caldecleugh publishes a translation of Homer's *Iliad* into blank verse.¶ Description of such a work within a short space is impossible; but a few lines, taken at random from the complaint of Ares to Zeus after his encounter with Diomed, may serve to show how far it may deserve comparison with the renderings of more distinguished translators:—

Art thou not angry at these doings, Jove?
We Gods must always into trouble get
Whilst showing favour to the sons of men,
And thou the cause of all that mischief art.

*Ivy Leaves*** is an unpretending collection of short pieces, of the kind which ladies of taste and education write, and which friends like well enough to encourage their publication. *Alboin and Rosamond*†† is a tale of the period of the barbarian irruption into the decaying Empire of the West, in alternate octosyllabic rhyme.

We have on our list three works relating to the cultivation of fruit and flowers—Wood's "Botanist and Florist,"‡‡ an elaborate and somewhat technical treatise; a neat and simple little volume on *Peach Culture*§§, by Mr. Fulton, of Delaware; and a practical

* *The American Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1869. Embracing Political, Civil, Military, and Social Affairs; Public Documents; Biography, Statistics, Commerce, Finance, Literature, Science, Agriculture, and Mechanical Industry.* Vol. IX. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

† *Traditions of Freemasonry, and its Coincidences with the Ancient Mysteries.* By A. T. C. Pierson, Past Grand Master, &c. Fourth Edition. New York: Masonic Publishing Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

‡ *The Bazar Book of Decorum.* New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

§ *Memoir of the Rev. John Scudder, M.D., Thirty-six Years Missionary in India.* By Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

|| *Lifting the Veil.* New York: Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

¶ *The Iliad of Homer.* Translated into English Verse by W. G. Caldecleugh, Author of "Eastern Tales," and "The Branch, and other Poems." Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

** *Ivy Leaves.* By Mary Ellen Atkinson. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

†† *Alboin and Rosamond, and Lesser Poems.* By Robert Burton Rodney, U.S.N. Philadelphia, and London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

‡‡ *The American Botanist and Florist, including Lessons in the Structure, Life, and Growth of Plants, together with a simple Analytical Flora.* By Alphonso Wood, A.M., Author of the "Class-book of Botany," &c. New York and Chicago: Barnes & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

§§ *Peach Culture.* By James Alexander Fulton, Dover, Delaware. Illustrated. New York: Orange, Judd, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

handbook on the use of sulphur for the cure of the vine disease*, by Mr. W. J. Flagg, the author of a sensible and exceptionally readable account of the principal European vineyards, and their different modes of cultivation—a handbook intended for the guidance of vine-growers, and written by one who has evidently taken no little pains to make himself master of the theory as well as the practice of the art.

* *Handbook of the Sulphur Cure as applicable to the Vine Disease in America, and Diseases of Apple and other Fruit Trees.* By William J. Flagg, Author of "Three Seasons in European Vineyards." New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1870.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in
AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL (Thirtieth Celebration), on the 30th and 31st of August, and 1st and 2nd of September, 1870.

President.—The Right Hon. the EARL OF BRADFORD.

Principal Vocalists.—Madlle. Titiens, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, and Madlle. Ilma di Murka; Madame Pater and Madlle. Drasdl. Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. W. H. Cummings; Mr. Santley and Signor Foli. Solo Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. Solo Violin, M. Salanton. Organist, Mr. Stimpson. Conductor, Sir Michael Costa.

OUTLINE OF THE PERFORMANCES.

TUESDAY MORNING.—Elijah, Mendelssohn.
WEDNESDAY MORNING.—Norman, Costa.
THURSDAY MORNING.—Messiah, Handel.

FRIDAY MORNING.—St. Peter (a new Oratorio), Benedict (composed expressly for the Festival); Requiem, Mozart.

TUESDAY EVENING.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Cantata (Paradise and the Peri), J. F. Barnett (composed expressly for the Festival); Miscellaneous Selection, comprising Mendelssohn's Concerto in G Minor, and Overtures Freischütz and Zampa.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Instrumental Work. A. S. Sullivan (composed expressly for the Festival); Choral Ode (ditto), Dr. Stewart. Second Part will consist entirely of Selections from the works of Beethoven.

THURSDAY EVENING.—A Miscellaneous Concert, comprising Cantata (Nala and Damayanti), Dr. F. Hiller (composed expressly for the Festival); Miscellaneous Selection, including Kreutzer Sonata and Overture Guillaume Tell.

FRIDAY EVENING.—Samson, Handel.

Programmes of the Performances will be forwarded by post on application to the undersigned, at the Office of the Festival Committee, Ann Street, Birmingham, on and after the 23rd inst.

By Order,
HOWARD S. SMITH, Secretary to the Festival Committee.